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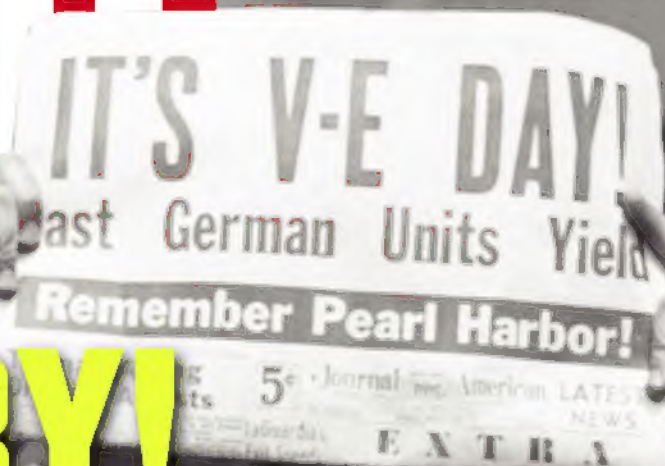
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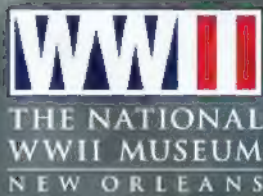
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AMERICA IN WWII

The War • The Home Front • The People
June 2015, Volume Eleven, Number One



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COVER SHOT: It was May 7, 1945. No official word had come, but everyone knew: Germany had surrendered. So the New York Journal-American went to press with an extra edition and a banner headline. In Times Square, clogged with revelers, the paper and a grinning sailor, soldier, and Canadian airman summed up the joy. PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN. © Bettmann/CORBIS

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★
KILROY
WAS HERE

Our First 10

FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK IN 10s, as we moderns do, ages that end in 0 are a big deal. As multiples of 10, they feel like milestones. It's one thing to turn 29, for instance, but turning 30 makes you more grown-up than you'd like. Rightly did comedian Jack Benny freeze at 39; 40 was 1 year too old. (Benny was 50 in 1944. Mum's the word!)

At *America in WWII*, we can confirm that 10 years really is a big deal. It has equaled 60 issues and 10 special issues. We've published thousands of WWII photos, period ads and graphics, and photos of artifacts. We've published hundreds of articles and many dozen first-person accounts large and small. We've discovered the American experience in World War II with you issue by issue, and we've loved doing so.

It hasn't been the *easiest* 10 years. Sweeping changes in our publishing industry and a tough economy have required a lot of ingenuity, sacrifice, and alliance-building. In that way, we feel we've really connected with the world of our moms and dads and aunts and uncles. They went through tumbling change and hardscrabble economics in the Depression. Then they had to buckle down, work hard, innovate, and keep going to win World War II. This was true whether they fought at the front (as two of our dads did), or helped out on the home front as teens or kids. Our WWII elders helped inspire us to keep going, press on, and get the job done—all the way to victory.

The victories of 1945 are where *America in WWII* started its story. Our magazine premiered with a June 2005 issue focused on Allied victory in Europe. Back then, it was the 60th anniversary of the victories over Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan. Now, as *America in WWII* turns 10, we're celebrating the 70th anniversary of those world-changing triumphs.

We're very glad to be celebrating with *you*. Thanks for being part of *America in WWII*. We're all in this together, this mission to preserve and spread a full and human understanding of our WWII history. Onward to 2025!



James P. Kushlan, Publisher

Heidi Kushlan, CEO

Carl Zebrowski, Editor

Jeff King, Art & Design Director

HANDMADE THANK-YOUS

A COMMON LAMENT TODAY among many educators is that they can't get kids interested in learning. Thousands of dollars are spent each year to come up with new ways to stimulate students' interest, including the latest high-tech innovations and inventions. However, sometimes in our rush to be "advanced" we overlook the obvious. For example, hundreds of students in Asheville, North Carolina, have been learning a lot about World War Two. These kids have embraced the lessons with pleasure and a sense of personal achievement. They've done it not with computers but by hand, their own hands, creating from scratch by hand-making cards of support and appreciation for our WWII veterans. They love making the cards while learning about the war and the vets love receiving them. Since the project's inception last year thousands of handmade items have been created and delivered to veterans care facilities and private dwellings.

JOE ELLIOTT
Asheville, North Carolina

THE BIG(GER) GUNS

IN THE GREAT I Was There article in the April 2015 issue ["Island-Hopping to Okinawa," by Joseph Ziganti, Jr.], I discovered a glitch in the photo caption on page 46. The photo is of a US Marine Corps artillery piece bogged down in mud on Cape Gloucester. The flaw is that it is identified as a "37mm anti-tank gun," when in fact it is a 57mm anti-tank gun, which replaced the 37mm and had much-improved stopping and penetration power. You can identify this as a 57mm by the size of the breech and the visible section of the tube, although both are protected by a tarpaulin covering them. The shape of the gun shield is an identifier of the 57mm gun, as is the size of the carriage trails and wheels and tires.

BOB TAYLOR
Painesville, Ohio



COURTESY OF JOE ELLIOTT

A student at East Yancey Middle School in Burnsville, North Carolina, painted the North American P-51 Mustang on this thank-you card for a veteran.

PATTON'S PISTOL

REGARDING ED JACKLITCH's comments correcting Tom Huntington's review of the movie *Patton* [Theater of War, February 2015], he stated that Patton was not shown firing a .45 revolver at a German plane, rather a .32 ACP Colt Model 1903 semi-automatic pistol. Right forest, wrong tree. Actually, Patton carried a .380 ACP Colt Model 1908.

A.J. PIERCE
Hampstead, Maryland

Editor's response: *Mr. Pierce is correct that Patton did not have a .32-caliber Colt Model 1903, but rather the higher-caliber .380 Colt Model 1908. However, Mr. Jacklitch was also correct that a Colt Model 1903 was the pistol used by George C. Scott during the scene where he shoots at a low-flying Luftwaffe aircraft in the film.*

A SEADOG RECALLS WAR DOGS

MY FATHER SERVED as a gunnery officer on the USS *Southampton* (AKA-66). When they went to Iwo Jima, they carried supplies belonging to the 25th Regiment, 4th Marine Division, and a marine war dog platoon. Dad said he remembered the dog-handlers taking the Dobermans out of their crates and exercising them on deck. He never learned the fate of the marines or the dogs. When I saw the photo on page 17 of your April issue [in "Fido Goes to War," by Melissa Amateis Marsh] of a 4th Division

marine and his Doberman, I couldn't help but wonder whether they went to Iwo Jima on my father's ship.

HOWARD MYERS
Lawrenceville, New Jersey

A MODEST DEMOTION

THANK YOU VERY MUCH for printing my letter to you in the April 2015 issue ["Judging by the Cover"]. Please note, though, that I am a chief master sergeant in the US Air Force and not a Chief Master Sergeant of the US Air Force. There is a distinct difference and rank order between the two, and to date there have been only 17 chief master sergeants of the US Air Force. I would not want anyone to think I am guilty of any stolen valor.

ALEX CWIEKALO
London, Ohio

WHO WERE THOSE TROOPS?

CONCERNING THE ARTICLE "Hitler's Secret Underground Fortress" in the February 2015 issue, the caption on page 9 identifies the American GIs as members of the 30th Infantry Division. I think a zero snuck its way into the copy. The 30th Infantry Division ended the war on the Elbe; the 3rd Infantry Division ended the war in the Austrian Alps. Two GIs in your picture have 3rd Division insignias on their helmets.

EARL RICKARD
received via e-mail

Editor's response: *The use of the term "30th Infantry" in the caption Mr. Rickard refers to signifies the 30th Infantry Regiment, not the 30th Division. The 30th Infantry Regiment was part of the 3rd Infantry Division.*

Send us your comments and reactions—especially the favorable ones! Mail them to V-Mail, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Avenue, Suite 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109, or e-mail them to editor@americainwwii.com.

The Human Lightning Rod

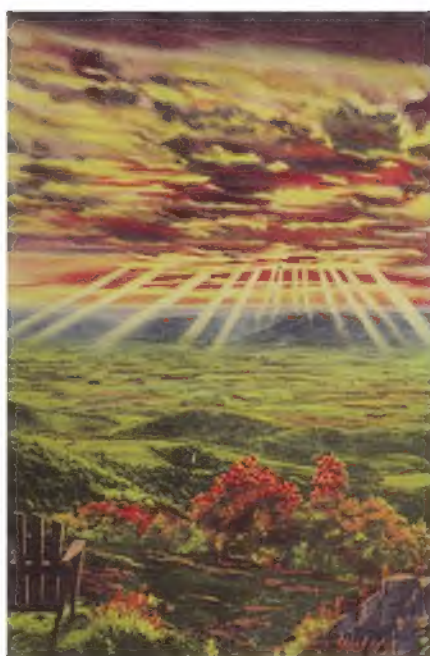
by Carl Zebrowski

ROY SULLIVAN WAS A TARGET. That gave this National Park Service ranger something in common with the men who filled US military ranks and held the front in World War II while Germans, Italians, and Japanese shot at them. The potentially lethal force that was gunning for Sullivan, however, wasn't man-made. It was lightning, and it found him early in life and kept coming back. *Guinness Book of World Records* investigators ruled that he was struck a record seven different times.

Born on February 7, 1912, Sullivan grew up the 4th of 11 kids on a family farm in Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains. It was the sort of area where a few dozen kids from a dozen families attended classes in a one-room schoolhouse. Sullivan would never stray too far from this relatively safe and predictable place. One day, the young Sullivan was working in the field when a lightning bolt hit the blade of his scythe. It set some wheat on fire, but he walked away unharmed. No one else saw it happen, and there was no medical visit, so the people at *Guinness* didn't count it.

In his early twenties, Sullivan took a job practically in his backyard at Shenandoah National Park. Working for the Civilian Conservation Corps, he helped build the brand-new park's soon-to-be famous Skyline Drive that stretched for 105 miles along the mountain ridge. In 1936 he became a park ranger, and in 1940 he was put on fire patrol.

After the war came to America and changed daily life, park visitation plummeted. Picnic areas, concession stands, guest lodges, and campgrounds closed down while locals were off fighting overseas or busy with home-front war work. Gasoline and tire rationing all but eliminated tourism. But the threat of forest fires didn't disappear just because the visitors



This detail from a WWII-era postcard hints at the natural calming beauty of Shenandoah National Park. In reality, darkening clouds like the ones colorfully painted here could be an omen of violent lightning.

did. Ever since the Great Fire of 1910 burned down three million acres in Idaho and Montana and killed 87 people, the US Forest Service had rules in place for monitoring wooded land to make sure flash fires couldn't raze tens of thousands of trees before anyone even noticed. Park rangers and other workers kept constant watch for blazes that could burn out of control.

One day in April 1942, Sullivan was taking in the panoramic view of the park's Page Valley from a just-built fire tower as a storm gathered. Things turned violent quickly. Next thing he knew, bright flashes right before his eyes reminded him that the new structure didn't have a lightning rod yet. "It was hit seven or eight times, and fire was jumping all over the place," he

later recalled. He made a snap decision to bail out. "I got just a few feet away from the tower and then, *blam!* It burned a half-inch strip all the way down my right leg and knocked my big toe off," he said. "My boot was full of blood, and it ran through the hole in my sole."

For most men Sullivan's age who went to war and got shot at, their time as human targets ended by August 1945. Sullivan's had just begun. He was struck six more times through 1977. He lost eyebrows and eyelashes, was knocked out, and accumulated a collection of scars. All seven strikes were documented right afterward by park superintendent R. Taylor Hoskins and by doctors. "I have never been a fearful man. But I have to tell you the truth," Sullivan said later, sounding like a traumatized combat veteran. "When I hear thunder now, I feel a little shaky."

Unlike in combat, no one was ever on the scene to witness the hits Sullivan took. Skeptics, including some of his relatives, later questioned whether it was all just a long, drawn-out tall tale. "He loved telling a story," said William Nichols, a supervisor of Sullivan's at the park. "In a word, he was a character."

Sullivan suffered no known lasting damage from his legendary frequent rendezvous with lightning. But the *unknown*—possible psychological repercussions—might have had a role in his death. On the night of September 27–28, 1983, he got into bed with his wife (his fourth). "She was a very sound sleeper," said Randy Fisher, a sheriff who was dispatched to the house in the morning to find Sullivan lying there with a gunshot wound a few hours old. "The speculation on her part was that he'd been very depressed," Fisher said. "She woke up in bed, and he was dead." ★



PHOTO FROM THE U.S. ARMY WEEKLY PUBLICATION YANK, DOWN UNDER, 1944

PEGGY CORDAY WAS a puzzling star. In the spotlight she stood out, but away from it she was invisible.

Born in Maryland in the early 1920s, Corday began her career in the public eye as a model and then ventured onto the stage. Her break there came with the 1944 Broadway musical *Helen Goes to Troy*. She played Venus, the goddess of love and beauty. After that, she stepped away.

Corday returned to show business a few years later, this time in television. In 1949, Robert Ripley of *Believe It or Not!* fame launched a show starring Corday as his sidekick. It quickly gained popularity, and Corday earned high praise. She was paid \$100 for each episode (approximately \$970 in today's money), and she, with her quick wit and sassy personality, was said to be worth every penny.

Later that same year, the show came to an abrupt end with Ripley's unexpected death. Corday left the spotlight for good.

—MICHAEL MOMOSE
editorial intern

Where GI Joe Got His Gun

by Mark D. Van Ells

WHEN A GI WENT OFF to fight Nazis and Japanese, he was probably carrying a semi-automatic M1 Garand. General George S. Patton, Jr., once described the standard US rifle of World War II as “the greatest battle implement ever devised.” It was a homegrown American gun, born at the federal armory at Springfield, Massachusetts, the brainchild of firearms designer John Garand, who worked in the experimental weapons shop. Uncle Sam no longer makes weapons here, but the remnants of the facility are preserved and open to the public as the Springfield Armory National Historic Site.

The Springfield Armory is almost as old as the United States itself. General George Washington selected this location for a storage and manufacturing facility to supply the Continental Army in 1777. Over the decades, firearms were developed and manufactured here for most of America’s wars. The Springfield Model 1861 rifled musket was the Union’s standard infantry weapon during the Civil War, and the doughboys of World War I often carried the M1903 Springfield Rifle through the muddy trenches of the Western Front.

John Garand was an American success story. Born Jean Cantius Garand in a small town near French-speaking Montréal, Québec, on New Year’s Day 1888, he moved as a boy with his family from Canada to Connecticut. Like many immigrant children in New England, Garand went to work in the textile mills before he reached his teens, but as his genius for industrial engineering became apparent, he moved up from the shop floor. During World War I, he focused his energies on designing a



The main arsenal building of the Springfield Armory is now a museum that houses the largest collection of US military firearms in existence.

semiautomatic rifle for the US Army. After a stint at the Bureau of Standards in Washington, DC, he arrived in Springfield in 1919 and began working in the armory’s experimental design shop.

Garand patented his first version of what would become the M1 in September 1919 and revised his design over the years. Much of the manufacturing work was done by hand, and Garand sometimes had to create new machines to make the weapon the way he wanted it. Further complicating his task were changing army standards. At first the army wanted a .30-caliber, but then it switched to a .276-caliber, until US Army Chief of Staff Douglas MacArthur, the future WWII commander in the Pacific, changed it back again.

After more than a decade of experimentation, mass production of the M1 began at Springfield in 1936. It was the first standard-issue semiautomatic rifle adopted by the armed forces of any nation.

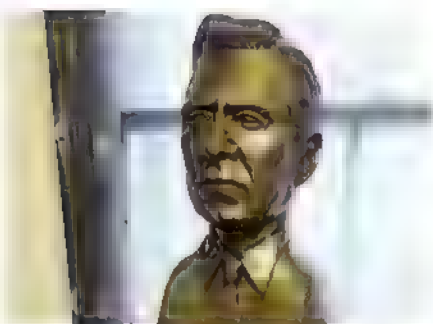
Over the years, the United States would churn out more than six million M1 rifles, the majority of them at the Springfield Armory. During World War II, the M1 saw action in virtually every corner of the globe, from North Africa to Normandy to

Okinawa. At the height of the conflict, the armory employed more than 13,000 people, nearly half of them Women Ordnance Workers (WOWs). Springfield continued to arm the American soldier well into the Cold War. Infantrymen who slogged their way through the snows of Korea during the Korean War carried the M1 into battle. The army finally phased out the gun in 1957.

The Springfield Armory closed in 1968, and today most of its grounds are home to Springfield Technical Community College, which opened almost immediately after the army pulled out. A few newer buildings dot the property, but for the most part, the area appears much as it did during Garand’s time here, including the many 19th-century redbrick buildings (now used as classrooms, labs, and offices) and the Civil War-era iron fence that lines the boundaries.

The far western portion of the grounds became Springfield Armory National Historic Site in 1974. In the main arsenal building, perched on a bluff overlooking the city, the National Park Service operates a museum that preserves Springfield’s firearms history. The museum boasts the largest collection of historic US military firearms in existence. There are indeed a lot of guns here, and visiting is like strolling through the first two centuries of US military history.

The WWII section fills a relatively small portion of the museum’s floor space, but as one park ranger told me, it’s by far the most popular attraction. The display cases are rather careworn, and the entire museum appears old-fashioned compared to more modern and better-funded facilities,



Above right: The armory museum boasts a substantial collection of weaponry from both Axis and Allied military forces. Upper left: A bronze bust of the creator of the M1 rifle, John Garand, overlooks the WWII section of the museum. Lower left: Manufactured in 1936, this M1 Garand was the first of more than six million to be mass-produced, most of them here at the armory.

but those who know and care about firearms will find a treasure trove of unique and significant items here.

Most of the WWII exhibits are dedicated to the M1. One display case traces its evolution. Garand's patent model from 1919 is here, as are several of his experimental versions from the interwar years. Another case holds milestone M1 rifles. The first one to roll off the assembly line in 1936, assigned serial number 81, is here, as is the very last one ever made, number 6,084,405, manufactured in May 1957. A flat display case shows some of the many variations of the gun. Among the specimens is an M1D sniper rifle, a T26 version developed for jungle warfare in the Pacific (but never used in battle), and a carbine with a collapsible stock designed for paratroopers.

Garand was not the only one working

on a semiautomatic rifle for the US military between the world wars, and though his design ultimately prevailed, the museum pays tribute to his competitors. A rare Pedersen rifle, designed by John D. Pedersen, an engineer at Remington, is on exhibit. The army rejected the model in the 1930s. There's also an M1941 Johnson Rifle, the brainchild of US Marine Corps officer Melvin Johnson. It saw limited service with Leathernecks in the Pacific during World War II.

The small WWII section almost overflows with WWII small arms from around the world. American specimens include a Browning Automatic Rifle (a holdover from the First World War) and an M3A1 submachine gun, commonly known as a "grease gun." There are many weapons from other Allies and from the Axis, too,

including a Soviet Pistolet Pulemyot Shpagina M1941 with a distinctive round-drum magazine, a Japanese Teraju paratrooper rifle, an Italian Beretta M38A submachine gun. One display case is dedicated entirely to German pistols.

Garand received the Meritorious Civilian Service Award and the Medal for Merit for his work on the M1. He retired from the Springfield Armory in 1953 and died 11 years later. A bronze bust of him donated by the Garand Collectors Association and dedicated on June 6, 1994, overlooks the WWII exhibit area.

The average GI of World War II probably knew little about the history behind the rifle he carried, its manufacture at a location chosen by George Washington and design by an immigrant who epitomized the American Dream. As one of the great firearms of World War II, the M1 is history. And there's no better place to see it and learn about it than the Springfield Armory National Historic Site. ★

IN A NUTSHELL

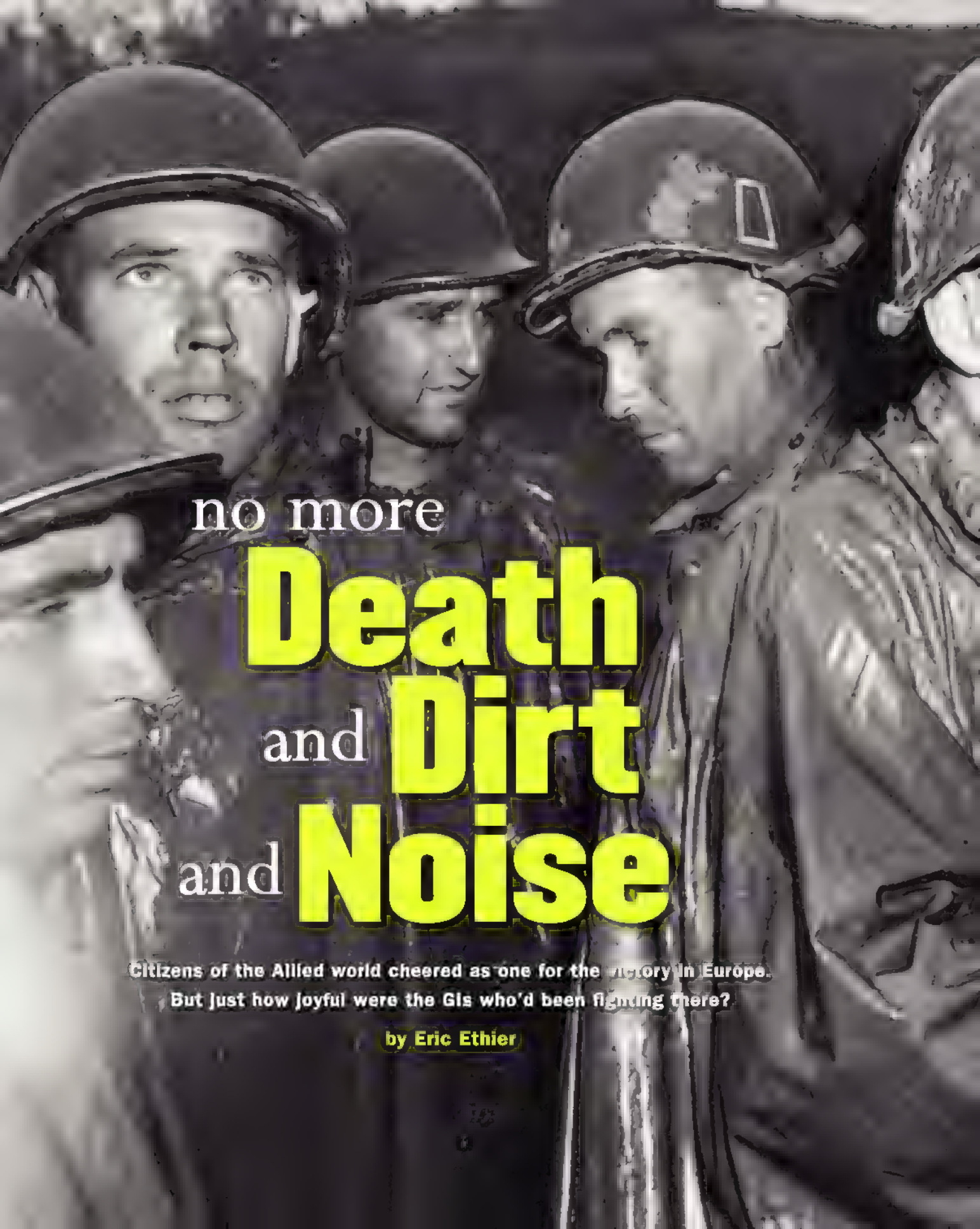
WHAT Springfield Armory National Historic Site

WHERE Springfield, Massachusetts

WHY Stand in the birthplace of the M1 Garand rifle, the weapon of America's WWII infantryman. Examine the differences between the prototype and the last M1 Garand and the milestone versions in between. See a Japanese paratrooper rifle, a display case filled with Nazi pistols, and other rare Axis and Allied firearms.

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no more

Death and Dirt and Noise

Citizens of the Allied world cheered as one for the victory in Europe.
But just how joyful were the GIs who'd been fighting there?

by Eric Ethier



There was no denying that the end of the European war, and all its horrors and discomforts, was reason to celebrate. But GIs realized that another war still raged. And they could be sent there to join fellow GIs like these rain-soaked men of the army's 77th Infantry Division on Okinawa, who remain mindful of the enemy as they listen to a radio report on the Nazi surrender.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

no more *fronts* and *fronts* and *fronts* by Eric Ethier

MONTHS BEFORE THE END CAME, the end of the Nazis and of the war in Europe, Ernie Pyle was imagining it. “It will seem odd when, at some given hour, the shooting stops and everything suddenly changes again,” the reporter for *Yank*, the US Army’s weekly, wrote from France. “It will be odd to drive down an unknown road without that little knot of fear in your stomach; odd not to listen with animal-like alertness for the meaning of every distant sound; odd to have your spirit released from the perpetual weight that is compounded of fear and death and dirt and noise and anguish.”

With a knack for cutting to the heart of the matter that few war correspondents could match, Pyle was writing in August 1944 amid the Allied breakout from Normandy, when hopes for a quick end to the war were high. The war did not end as fast as hoped, and in April 1945 the everyman reporter from Dana, Indiana, was killed by a Japanese bullet, but his words would be no less true when the war in Europe finally ended a month later. For soldiers accustomed to the flashes and crashes of artillery, Pyle wrote, “it will be odd to hear only thunder again.”

By 1945, Adolf Hitler’s ill acquired Fortress Europe was crumbling fast. In late January, American forces had won the Battle of the Bulge, halting the final German counteroffensive in the snow and pines of Belgium’s Ardennes Forest. Leaping back to the offensive, Allied armies plowed steadily eastward, crossing the Rhine River in March and dashing toward Berlin while Soviet armies closed in on Germany’s capital from the opposite direction. The end was near for Hitler’s once ballyhooed Thousand Year Reich.

In late April the tightening Allied vise forced the final, cataclysmic events of the war in Europe. On the 30th, Hitler committed suicide in his bunker in Berlin. Admiral Karl Donitz, left in command of a shattered nation, quietly began probing for surrender terms. As he did, German soldiers, regiments, and even whole armies began surrendering themselves to Americans. On April 29, German forces in Italy had already laid down their guns. On May 4, German troops in northwest Germany, Denmark, and Holland followed. Field Marshal Albert Kesselring’s Army Group G gave up on the 5th. Finally, at 2:41 A.M. on May 7, General Alfred Jodl signed final surrender papers before Supreme Allied Commander Dwight Eisenhower and

a host of Allied officials in Reims, France. Among the eyewitnesses was Captain Hugh Tinley. “You caught yourself just holding your breath in there,” Tinley remembered. “This is the end.”

By mid-morning, radio stations across the United States were relaying Associated Press correspondent Edward Kennedy’s gasp-inducing bulletin that Nazi Germany was done. (Reporting the news before an official Allied announcement cost Kennedy his job, a punishment AP apologized for in 2012.) In New York City, word buzzed through the boroughs, and by noon a mostly young crowd of a million had clogged Big Apple streets to celebrate. Liquor stores did brisk business. Packed bars and restaurants ran out of beer.

But Germany’s surrender was not yet official, and flags were still flying at half-mast in honor of President Franklin Roosevelt, who had died on April 12. That afternoon an irked Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, a longtime friend of Roosevelt’s, appealed to New Yorkers to return to their jobs. “Maybe there’s still some fighting going on [in Europe],” his voice boomed from loudspeakers in Times Square. “You don’t know and I don’t know. Let’s not be childish about it. We have trusted in Eisenhower; we have stood by our Government through the war. Let’s be patient for just a few more hours and behave in a manner befitting the great people of a great democracy.” By early evening the streets were once



again passable.

President Harry Truman and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill had delayed the surrender announcement at the insistence of Soviet Premier Josef Stalin. Stalin had preferred to host a formal ceremony on May 9, but since word of the German surrender had already spread across much of the Western world, the

Above: The shouting headline of the May 8, 1945, Paris edition of the US Army newspaper *The Stars and Stripes* tells the story. Opposite: On the home front, more than a million revelers filled New York City streets by day’s end. Here, before a giant model of the Statue of Liberty that had been erected to promote war bond sales, a quarter million people clog Broadway. The Great White Way is fully lit for the first time since blackout restrictions dimmed its lights three years earlier.





NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Americans and Brits refused to wait any longer. At 9 A.M. on May 8, Truman made his official announcement. "The Allied Armies, through sacrifice and devotion and with God's help, have wrung from Germany a final and unconditional surrender," he said. "The Western world has been freed of the evil forces which for five years and longer have imprisoned the bodies and broken the lives of millions upon millions of free-born men." He took care to emphasize that "much remains to be done. The victory won in the West must now be won in the East."

Truman's speech sparked a fresh celebration in Times Square that lasted until noon, when rain squalls drove revelers indoors. That evening, when lights fully lit up Broadway for the first time after three years of wartime blackout restrictions, 250,000 people filed back into the streets to rejoice unrestrained.

Surely, after 180,000 GIs had been killed in the European war, millions of Americans had reason, and the right, to celebrate the safety of their sons, husbands, brothers, and fathers. But for countless others, it was impossible to forget that, even though the fighting had ended in Europe, blood was still being shed elsewhere. "I still have four brothers in the Pacific," said Private Edward Sucku of Cleveland. "We have to go help end it there."

Mrs. Francis Toal, a New Yorker whose husband was fighting the Japanese, agreed. "It's silly to celebrate," she said. "The war isn't over yet."

The fact that the war was only partly over had a sobering effect across the States. "In some towns crowds gathered and tried to think of something to do to celebrate," read a report in *Yank*. "Mostly, they didn't seem able to focus their thoughts. Two weeks of spectacular rumors and even more spectacular events had taken the edge off the official victory over Germany. And the press and radio kept saying: 'There's still one war to go.'"

None of this kept 60 million Americans from gathering around their radios on the night of May 8 to hear "On a Note of Triumph," radio dramatist Norman Corwin's tribute to American servicemen. Corwin rewarded his listeners with

*Somehow the decadent democracies, the bungling Bolsheviks,
the saps and softies,*

*Were tougher in the end than the brownshirt bully-boys, and
smarter too:*

*For without whipping a priest, burning a book or slugging a Jew,
without corralling a girl in a brothel, or bleeding a child for plasma;*

Far-flung ordinary men, unspectacular but free, rousing out of their habits and their homes, got up early one morning, flexed their muscles, learned (as amateurs) the manual of arms, and set out across perilous plains and oceans to whop the bejeepers out of the professionals.

This they did

WHILE, IN THE FAR-FLUNG CORNERS of the European theater of operations, the GIs who had fought the German army across desert sands, frozen mountain ridges, and muddled French fields; the sailors who had hunted U-boats in the frigid Atlantic; and the air forces fliers who'd battled Luftwaffe fighters in the skies over blood-spattered France and Germany were finally getting the big news. For months as the war wound down, they had done their best to take it one day at a time—with good reason. "There's no assurance, necessarily, that the end of the war in Europe is gonna be the end of the war for you," remembered Richard Dinning, who flew B-17s with the 351st Bomb Group. "The general expectation of those who would be in Europe at the end of the war was that they would be trained in B-29s, as a group, and head for the Pacific."

Living far from home and under duress had taken its toll. "Whenever I go over a strange road or make a turn, [I] wonder whether there might be a Kraut there waiting for me to run into a trap," wrote Wilbur C. Berget, a Wisconsin farm boy hardened by four years of duty with the 12th Armored Division. Thoughts turned to home and family. New Jersey native Cameron Anderson of the 264th Field Artillery Battalion recalled, "I'm more concerned about my parents and things like that, you know? What if something happens to me? You know, is somebody going to knock on their door, and things like that. I wanted my parents to know that I was safe and protected."

German-born K. Frank Korf had immigrated to the United States in 1937 and become a newspaper reporter, doing his best to undermine any Nazi sentiment in New York City. Drafted into the army in 1942, he had risen to second lieutenant, leading a combat intelligence team in the 97th Infantry Division. But after three years, he had had enough. Expressing the thoughts of thousands of other war-weary servicemen, he wrote to his wife, Rita. "I want to go home, like a little boy wants home....," his letter read. "I saw an awful lot and I have [had] enough of war, killings, concentra-

tion camp country, hatred, lying and ridicule. I want to sleep like normal people, not with one loaded pistol on each side and the gun in reach. Not moving like a gypsy every day, packing and unpacking, smelling the stale smell of other people's homes."

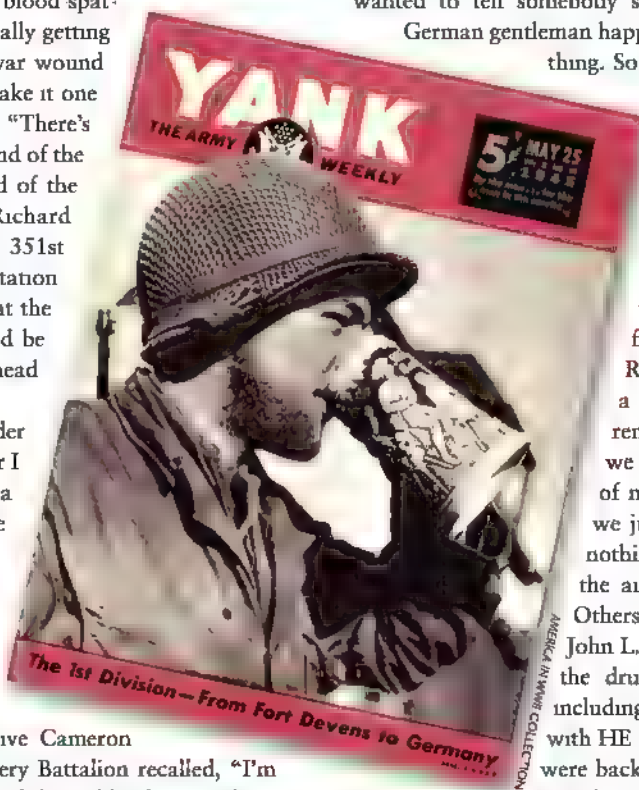
Among the GIs still on Europe's front lines was Private First Class Richard Norr, serving with the 76th Infantry Division's 417th Regiment outside Dresden in eastern Germany. The 19-year-old Minnesota native was manning a post along a road that ran between American lines and distant German positions when he heard the biggest news of his life. "Sergeant [of the] guard came by and said, 'Hey, the war is over. The war is over!'" Norr remembered. "I had such a feeling of euphoria. I couldn't hold it. I wanted to tell somebody so bad." Moments later an elderly German gentleman happened by. "I wanted to tell him something. So I said, 'Krieg finis!' And we hugged and danced right there!"

Word of the final Nazi surrender reached the US 100th Infantry Division outside Stuttgart. The unit known as the Century Division had just fought its way through the city of Heilbronn, and the news provoked varied reactions from its exhausted members. Rocco R. Caponigro later said he was "with a group of 4 or 5 sitting in a field. I remember it was early afternoon and we were without shirts listening to one of my radios. When we heard the news we just sat there for two hours and did nothing. No yelling, no throwing things in the air or getting drunk. Just sat there." Others reacted with predictable joy. Private John L. Sheets later recalled, "That night all the drunks were firing all their weapons including some artillery units plastering a hill with HE [high explosives]. The sounds of war were back big time and went on until perhaps 2300 hours [11 P.M.]. The only people able to

sleep were the drunks who had passed out."

From Paris, Sergeant Ralph Martin, a *Yank* correspondent, described a rapidly evolving scene. "Two paratroopers were just standing in front of the [Red Cross] club when an excitable Frenchman ran up to them, waving a French newspaper, yelling '*La guerre est finie* [the war is over]....' After he raced by, spreading the news, one of the paratroopers simply said, 'For him, not for us'."

Other GIs shook off their dread about what might come next so they could enjoy the moment. "We're forgetting about the CBI [China-Burma-India theater] tonight," said Private First Class Nat Mangano of the 94th Infantry Division's 301st Regiment. "We're



Above: Young men could hardly be expected to celebrate the occasion of their lives without beer. Memorialized on the cover of the US Army weekly *Yank*, a GI in Germany drinks, appropriately, from a stein. Opposite: All over Europe, Americans gathered near radios to take in whatever information they could. These GIs in Paris are listening to the news at the American Red Cross's Rainbow Corner Club.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES

forgetting about every goddam thing. We're just gonna have a hel-luva time, that's all. Why not?"

Some soldiers could not yet set aside what they had witnessed, even for a night. Guy Prestia was a machine gunner in the hard-bitten 45th Infantry "Thunderbirds" Division. A week earlier the Thunderbirds had liberated the Nazi concentration camp at Dachau, stumbling upon horrors that included railroad cars filled with the corpses of slaughtered prisoners. Still-fresh images of that experience blocked out other thoughts. "People were damaged," Prestia later recalled. "It was like we'd been in a car crash. There was trauma. It takes a while to get over that."

Others reacted with skepticism, even frustration. Herman J. Obermayer of the 1291st Combat Engineer Battalion was monitoring an oft sabotaged Allied gasoline pipeline that stretched past Verdun, France. "When we heard the announcement over the telephone," he wrote, "the first reaction was not to believe it: 'We've heard that sort of stuff too often before.' Then, when we finally

heard the news, the statements varied, but the sentiment was always the same: 'So what? We still have another son of a bitch to sweat out,' or 'Now that we've won the French and English war, we still have our own war to fight.' This has been the sentiment of the soldiers over here for a long time. You can hardly expect it to change with V E Day."

EUROPEAN THEATER VETERANS had good reason to worry. Although Nazi Germany had thrown in the towel, the battered Japanese Empire showed no sign of doing the same. American forces had bludgeoned their way almost to the doorstep of Japan's home islands, the Ryukus, and after conquering bitterly contested Iwo Jima in February and March, American naval forces, marines, and soldiers had assaulted Okinawa in April. But as of May 8, the Japanese commanders on Okinawa were still hurling everything that remained in their dwindling arsenal at the Americans, including waves of kamikazes sent directly, and horri-

Above: US Ninth Army soldiers in Beckum, Germany, look ready to sit down to eat and read the day's German edition of *The Stars and Stripes*. Opposite: These GIs are happy for more than just victory; they're headed home. It's May 25 and they're on a train bound from Camp 20 Grand near Le Havre, France, to the harbor where they'll board a ship to the States.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES

fylingly, into ships. For American servicemen monitoring events from conquered Europe, the question was, when Okinawa does finally fall, what then?

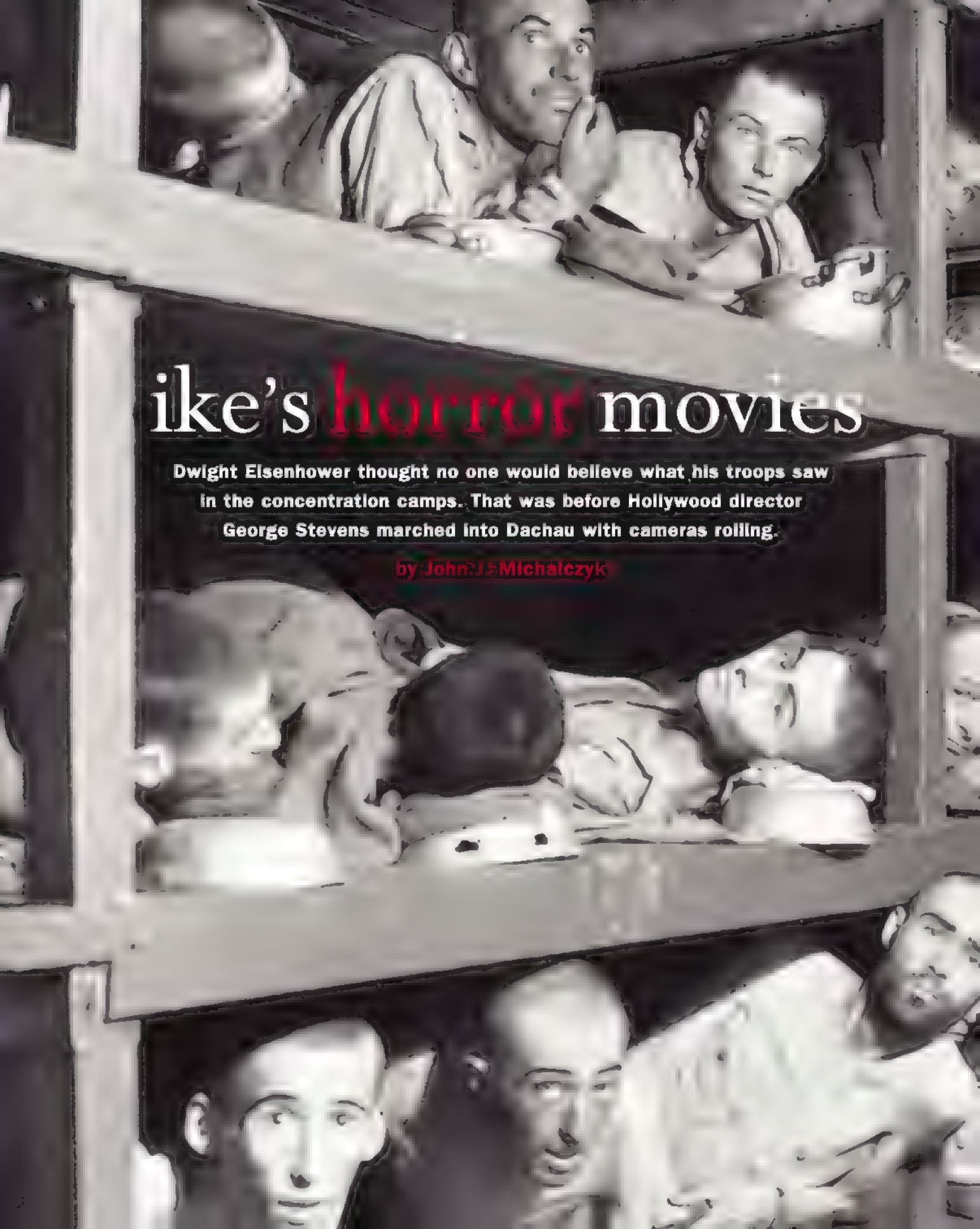
The answer would be Operation Downfall, the invasion of Japan's home islands, which American planners had penciled in for November 1. That nightmarish necessity would involve virtually all operational US forces and, according to some estimates, cause up to one million casualties. American servicemen knew nothing of these specifics, but it took little imagination to recognize the horrors that might await them on the shores of Honshu. If nothing else, GIs in Europe hoped for a breather before jumping into a new war. Harold Steele of the 89th Infantry Division in Germany recalled thinking, "We're done fighting. We're finished. Then we would think, 'Now we'll go to Japan; now we'll go to Asia; now we'll go to the Pacific and get into another war.' That's the first thing that I thought of. But then I got other good news. Steele, you get to go down to the [French] Riviera. You get seven days of R&R. And my goodness we jumped into trucks and went down to the Riviera."

Fortunately for Steele and thousands of other European theater veterans, the war ended once and for all with Japan's surrender in

August 1945. Spared additional combat duty, pilot Richard Dinning left Europe with a hard earned sense of purpose gained from one of his last flights. On May 10, three days after Germany's surrender, he had taken part in an Eighth Air Force mercy mission to pick up French prisoners of war at a former Luftwaffe base outside of Linz, Austria. "At the end, for me, there was satisfaction in a personal experience," Dinning said. "I was grateful, in retrospect, to have been held over as a combat instructor so that I could I have this type of experience."

Not everyone who emerged from the battle against Nazi Germany would be able to derive meaning from it, or even make sense of it. For most, the only satisfying moment of the war came the day it was completely over. GIs like Private Jules Cohen of the 359th Engineer Regiment went home thinking about their brothers in arms. "I've tried to block the ugliness out of my mind and when I say it was all worth it, I mean my relationships with the other guys," Cohen later said. "They were closer than brothers. No one would leave you; there was no place to go. I haven't experienced that feeling since."

ERIC ETHIER is the assistant editor of *America* in WWII.



ike's **horror** movies

Dwight Eisenhower thought no one would believe what his troops saw
in the concentration camps. That was before Hollywood director
George Stevens marched into Dachau with cameras rolling.

by John J. Michalczyk



GIs were shocked at what they saw when they liberated concentration camps at the end of the European war—scenes like these malnourished slave laborers at Buchenwald. General Dwight Eisenhower visited Ohrdruf, a subdivision of Buchenwald, and realized the unbelievable Nazi atrocities had to be put on film so no one could deny they happened.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Ike's horror movies by John J. Michalczyk

S EVEN DECADES AGO, on the morning of April 12, 1945, General Dwight D. Eisenhower visited the salt mines near the town of Merkers, Germany, to view the treasure trove of art and gold amassed by the Nazis. It was the same day President Franklin Delano Roosevelt died, during his fourth term in office. That afternoon, Eisenhower, along with Generals Omar Bradley and George S. Patton, toured a concentration camp called Ohrdruf, a subdivision of the Buchenwald camp. A few days later, on the 15th, he wrote to US Army Chief of Staff George C. Marshall with his horrified reaction:

[T]he most interesting—although horrible—sight that I encountered during the trip was a visit to a German internment camp near Gotha. The things I saw beggar description. While I was touring the camp I encountered three men who had been inmates and by one ruse or another had made their escape. I interviewed them through an interpreter. The visual evidence and the verbal testimony of starvation, cruelty and bestiality were so overpowering as to leave me a bit sick. In one room, where they were piled up twenty or thirty naked men, killed by starvation, George Patton would not even enter. He said he would get sick if he did so. I made the visit deliberately, in order to be in position to give first-hand evidence of these things if ever, in the future, there develops the tendency to charge these allegations merely to “propaganda.”

To ensure that the world found out about the atrocities the Nazis wrought on innocent victims, Eisenhower instructed all army personnel in the area to visit the camp and witness the evidence of these dastardly crimes. The media and members of Congress were invited to come so they could testify that this was not propaganda. On April 19, Eisenhower wrote again to Marshall, about his need to have others bear witness: “I will arrange to have them conducted to one of these places where the evidence of bestiality and cruelty is so overpowering as to leave no doubt in their minds about the normal practices of the Germans in these camps.”

As part the US Army's effort to document its wartime operations, an effort led by the US Army Signal Corps, Hollywood director George Stevens, now a lieutenant colonel in the signal corps, had been assigned to film the Normandy beaches on D-Day and the subsequent march toward Berlin. Stevens—well known today for *The Diary of Anne Frank*, the compelling 1959 Holocaust film that came out of his war experiences—filmed the liberation of Dachau as one of his duties. With a signal corps crew of 45 men known as the Stevens Irregulars, he carried out orders to film any Nazi atrocities he encountered and describe them precisely so that if there was a war crimes tribunal, all of it could be used as evidence.

Throughout March and early May 1945, Stevens and his team were occupied filming the liberation of slave laborers at



US ARMY SIGNAL CORPS



Germany's Nordhausen concentration camp, the surrender of thousands of German soldiers and officers, and the celebratory meeting of US and Soviet troops at the Elbe River in Torgau. The ghastly results of combat on the Normandy beaches and the other gruesome battle scenes the men had witnessed since mid-1944 did not prepare them for what they experienced in Bavaria, all of which is part of the 2004 documentary *George Stevens: D-Day to Berlin*, directed by Stevens's son, George Stevens, Jr. What the crew witnessed at Dachau, 12 miles north of Munich, shocked, revolted, and depressed many of the cameramen. Having viewed the countless mounds of bodies, the elder Stevens later asked rhetorically, "How do you justify this mass murder...? How could one human being do this to another human being...? You want to hate the Germans, to hate all the Germans."

Stevens was not alone in despising and blaming the Germans for their leaders' evil crimes against humanity that he witnessed at Dachau. The Allied governments and their people heaped collective guilt on the German people throughout 1945. The signal corps

filmed citizens of Weimar visiting the concentration camp barracks and seeing what their government had been responsible for since the establishment of the Third Reich in 1933. The Americans wished to shame the citizens into understanding that they stood by as mass murder took place under their very eyes. In each case, however, the citizens would remark, "We did not know."

STEVENS'S FOOTAGE SOON EMERGED in documentaries for Germans and Americans alike to view in their movie theaters. Some would even appear in the Alfred Hitchcock-affiliated documentary *Memory of the Camps* (finally released in 1985) and the more recent *Night Will Fall* (2014). In the end, the attitude of blame would shift with the change in political winds when the United States needed the Germans as allies against the Soviet Union as the Cold War dawned.

What exactly of the Dachau experience haunted Stevens throughout his entire life? Trains filled with starving and dying Jews that took three weeks to arrive at the gates of Dachau. Few of those

Opposite: Director George Stevens, a lieutenant colonel in the US Army Signal Corps, was tasked with filming the army's operations from Normandy to Germany. That included the liberation of Dachau. Here, Stevens is shown at center with members of his crew and others in France in 1944. Novelist and screenwriter Irwin Shaw, future author of *Rich Man, Poor Man*, appears to the right of the fedora, talking.

Above: Stevens and his crew documented the infamous killing of Nazi SS guards when the 45th Infantry Division entered Dachau.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

prisoners survived this treacherous journey. The Germans abandoned the trains as the US Army approached. When the Americans arrived and opened the boxcars, they discovered they were filled with corpses of Jewish prisoners, some frozen together, covered with snow and ice. Close up footage reveals the eyes of some of the deceased vacantly staring into the heavens, in vivid color shot with Stevens's 16mm personal camera and in black and white shot with the signal corps's 35mm camera.

Stevens and his film crew also documented the killings of SS guards when the US 45th Infantry Division entered the Dachau camp. Since the Americans arrived on the scene more quickly than the Germans had anticipated, many guards were still there. Stevens filmed some attempting to disguise themselves in prisoner uniforms, but the liberated inmates readily detected them. *George Stevens: D-Day to Berlin* states that US soldiers killed 122 guards. Other sources put the death toll somewhere between 15 and 50. Some of the guards were allegedly shot attempting to escape after the camp was surrendered under the supervision of the Swiss Red Cross, which had arrived the day before. Filmed and photographed in brutal color by Stevens's crew, the bodies of guards beaten to a pulp by inmates in retaliation for torture lay near the barracks.

Although Dachau was primarily a labor camp and a site for medical experimentation (unlike camps in Poland such as Auschwitz and Majdanek that were exclusively death camps), two

scenes filmed there document an alleged mass extermination process. The fire in the crematorium still burned with a glowing red flame centered in the oven. In the Brausebad ("shower bath"), a gloved hand eerily turns a crank. Stevens's footage of the showers opened a controversy about Dachau being a "gassing camp." Later investigations determined Dachau was never an extermination camp, but experimental gassings did occur there.

Stevens's camera lingers over a sign that reads "Typhus" in bold letters. To prevent the spread of lice and disease, sanitation crews deloused prisoners with DDT. Each prisoner is shown being fumigated. Measures taken to control typhus at the Bergen-Belsen camp were more drastic. Upon entering there, British liberators found thousands upon thousands of dead and dying diseased prisoners and were forced to use bulldozers to plow corpses into mass graves. The final scenes of French director Alain Resnais's *Night and Fog*, a classic short documentary on the Holocaust released in 1955, depict the bulldozing all too realistically.

Not all of Stevens's experiences at Dachau were so psychologically overwhelming. On May 5, 1945, his crew filmed the first Jewish religious service for the survivors. Rabbi David Max Eichhorn, a captain in the US Army, presented a powerful inspirational program that radiated optimism as the victims of Nazi aggression and torture were now able to move on to a better future. Eichhorn is only briefly depicted in Stevens's son's docu-

Above: The Dachau images that haunted Stevens the most were train cars filled with starving Jews left to die when the Nazis fled approaching US armies. Here, one of his men photographs bodies piled in a boxcar. Opposite: Stevens decided that his camp footage was too ghastly to put in his 1955 film *The Diary of Anne Frank*. So he reused staged scenes from another director's movie.

ike's horror movies by John J. Michalczyk

mentary, but a 2012 exhibit at the Museum of Jewish Culture in New York, "Filming the Camps: John Ford, Samuel Fuller, George Stevens—From Hollywood to Nuremberg," captured more of the sentiment of the momentous occasion.

The Jewish prisoners had been denied an opportunity to practice their religion, and on this sunny but windy day in May, Stevens's crew documented the service. Eichhorn prays, "In our holy Torah, we found these words...: 'Proclaim freedom throughout the world to all the inhabitants thereof. A day of celebration shall this be for you, a day when every man shall return to his family and to his rightful place in society.'" The camera floats over the former prisoners and records the peaceful expressions on their faces.

Three days later, on May 8, Stevens and his crew filmed the prisoners as they listened to President Harry S. Truman's broadcast declaration of the end of the war in Europe. "The Western world has been freed of evil forces that for five years and longer have imprisoned the bodies and broken the lives of millions and millions of freeborn men," Truman announced.

TO LEARN MORE about the day-to-day harrowing experiences at Dachau, Stevens interviewed former inmates. He heard the testimonies of a Polish priest, a doctor, and a lawyer, as well as of Belgian Jews and a Czech doctor of philosophy, among others. This recording of eyewitnesses lends authenticity to the footage, just as eyewitness accounts of a clergyman and a soldier at Bergen-Belsen do in *Memory of the Camps*, recorded not far away on April 15. The Soviets, who began filming atrocities as soon as the Nazis invaded Russia in June 1941, could not capture this type of personal testimony, because most of their cameramen didn't have sound equipment. The Stevens Irregulars were able to offer a concrete conception of Dachau.

Stevens's men compiled a preponderance of evidence in response to their orders to film any war crimes witnessed. The scenes they shot at Dachau were used time and time again to support charges that the Nazis planned to exterminate the Jews, even though when entering Dachau, no one could identify the nationalities or religious affiliations of the corpses.

After the filming ended, Stevens assembled footage that his and other signal corps crews had shot at 12 liberated concentration camps in Germany, Austria, and Belgium into an hour-long overview. Scenes from that film, *Nazi Concentration Camps*, were shown at the International Military Tribunal in Nuremberg on November 29, 1945. The chief prosecutor, the American justice Robert H. Jackson, commented on the power of the film in his opening statement:

We will show you these concentration camps in motion pictures, just as the Allied armies found them when they arrived, and the

measures General Eisenhower had to take to clean them up. Our proof will be disgusting and you will say I have robbed you of your sleep. But these are the things which have turned the stomach of the world and set every civilized hand against Nazi Germany..... I am one who received during this war most atrocity tales with suspicion and skepticism. But the proof here will be so overwhelming that I venture to predict not one word I have spoken will be denied.

BEFORE THE GHASTLY SCENES were shown on screen, the prosecution presented an affidavit signed by Stevens attesting that the views contributed by various signal corps crews "constitute a true representation of the individuals and scenes photographed; they have not been altered in any respect since the exposures were made."

What followed was an excruciatingly painful series of stark images from the camps at Nordhausen, Belsen, Mauthausen, and Orhrdruf and from a euthanasia center

in Hadamar. The gruesome details of Nazi torture horrified the audience.

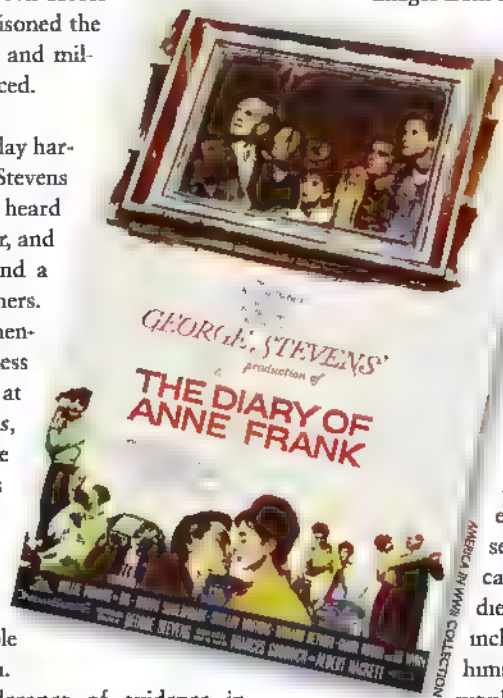
Even some of the war criminals in the docket turned their heads away in disbelief and shock, according to prison psychologist G.M. Gilbert. Stevens included the trains with the frozen bodies as well as the showers and ovens.

Etched in Stevens's mind was the mound of corpses at Dachau, which the narration calls a "factory of horrors." The short stay at the camp disturbed Stevens for a long time and greatly influenced his life and the production of *The Diary of Anne Frank*. At the close of that film, the Gestapo enter Frank's hiding place in Amsterdam and send Frank and her family to concentration camps. She ends up in Bergen-Belsen, where she dies prior to the liberation. Stevens refused to include the macabre and grisly images that he himself had witnessed at Dachau, scenes that would have made the film more realistic. Instead,

as an omen of Frank's fate, he offers a dream sequence of staged scenes from *The Last Stage*, a 1947 film directed by Polish Auschwitz survivor Wanda Jakubowska.

The troubling images that Stevens and the signal corps brought us from Dachau and other camps force us to consider the fragility of humankind. They serve as a warning that evil like the Holocaust could occur again in our civilized world. Indeed, despite the pledge "never again," mass evil has already reoccurred, in Rwanda and in the killing fields of Cambodia. As the narrator of *Night and Fog* reminds us, "War nods off to sleep, but keeps one eye always open." ★

JOHN J. MICHALCZYK, a professor of film studies at Boston College, is the author of *Filming the End of the Holocaust: Allied Documentaries, Nuremberg and the Liberation of the Concentration Camps* (2014).



Survivo



or Island

A desperate swim ashore from a shot-down B-26 was just the beginning.

The airmen of *Imogene VII* now had to survive wary natives, an unforgiving jungle, and a Japanese manhunt.

by Jay Wertz



Airmen of the shot-down *Imogene VII* and their native hosts wave excitedly at a passing B-24 bomber. It is March 6, 1943. For nine months, the men had lived as castaways on New Britain in the South Pacific. Only three of the original eight were still alive. In this photo snapped from the B-24, Second Lieutenant Eugene Wallace, *Imogene VII*'s copilot, is in the canoe, waving a cloth.

COVER: GREGG DEGUARDIA

Survivor Island

by Jay Wertz

IMOGENE VII RELEASED HER LOAD OF INCENDIARY BOMBS over Rabaul's Vunakanau airfield—another perfect hit for the B-26 bomber. A photographer on board snapped a photo to document the fiery result, and the bomber peeled away to return to base. Suddenly, something was wrong. Flak jarred the plane. A hole appeared in the wing, and one of the two engines died. *Imogene VII* was going down, with dangerous, hostile seas below. Her eight American crewmen were in serious trouble.

Imogene VII's target—Rabaul, on the Bismarck Archipelago's island of New Georgia, in the Australian Territory of New Guinea—was home to a massive Japanese air and naval base. It was the center of Japanese operations to expand a perimeter defense in the South Pacific, at places such as Tulagi and Bougainville—names that would become all too familiar to the Allies.

Beginning in April 1942, medium bombers of the US Army Air Forces' Fifth Air Force began bombing Rabaul frequently, flying from bases in northern Australia via Port Moresby, Papua. The risks were numerous, but the rewards could be high, because of Rabaul's importance to Japanese forces in the South Pacific. Medium bombers like *Imogene VII*, a Martin B 26 Marauder, were ideal for this purpose, because they could come in low to target unloading cargo ships or to tear up airfields.

At Rabaul, the bombers faced a daunting foe that was well prepared to intercept them in the air and from the ground. Japanese Zero fighters ruled the skies. And in the early part of 1942, Allied bomber crews could not depend on escorts by nimble fighter planes, but had to rely on their pilots' flying skills and their planes' onboard defenses, primarily .50-cal machine guns.

So it was that on May 24, 1942, *Imogene VII*, of the 408th Bomb Squadron in the Red Raiders (the Fifth Air Force's 22nd Bomb Group), took off for Rabaul with no defense but her own guns and her crew's abilities. Eight men were aboard that day: First Lieutenant Harold L. Massie, pilot; Second Lieutenant Eugene D. Wallace, copilot; Second Lieutenant Marvin C. Hughes, navigator; Second Lieutenant Arthur C. King, bombardier; Corporal Dale E. Bordner, radio operator; Corporal Stanley Wolenski, flight engineer; Private Joseph Dukes, tail gunner; and Staff Sergeant Jack B. Swan, photographer.

Copilot Wallace, a 22-year-old from Los Angeles, had been an aviation enthusiast since early in his life. At Los Angeles Junior College he joined a government sanctioned flight cadet program and then continued his training at the airport in Chino, California. (One of his fellow cadets, who would also join the air forces, was Gene Roddenberry, future creator of *Star Trek*.) In early December 1941, as the course was ending and he was about

to receive his wings, Wallace wrote home:

Dear Family, I finished my flight training and have been waiting for graduation this Friday, the 12th, and Saturday morning we will most likely receive our assignments. It almost looks as if none of us will be able to get home for Xmas. I will know more when I am definitely assigned to a new post and learning just what the commanding officer has planned for the immediate future.

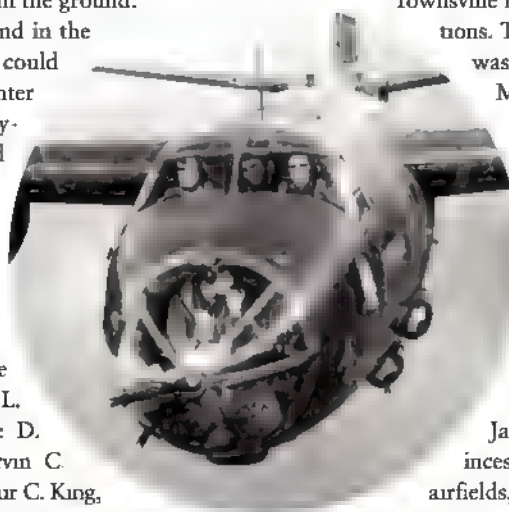
His future was in the new 22nd Bomb Group, organizing at March Field in Riverside, California. In January 1942, Wallace and the other pilots of the 22nd went by ship to Australia. They arrived ahead of their brand new Marauders, which were shipped to Hawaii with their wings clipped, assembled there, and then flown to Australia. By late February, planes, crews, and pilots were at

Townsville in Queensland, ready to begin combat operations. The first flight of medium bombers to Rabaul was on April 6, 1942. "We refueled in Port Moresby, New Guinea and we would proceed on up to Rabaul..., then drop our bombs on Rabaul and then proceed to return to Australia to our base there which was very rudimentary," Wallace said. "We would then reload and stand by to go up to New Guinea and drop another load of bombs."

The refueling stop in Port Moresby, on the south coast of Papua, was essential on the long flight from Australia to Rabaul, some 1,250 miles one way. Aware of this, the Japanese made Port Moresby a regular target, incessantly bombing the expanding number of airfields, seaplane ramps, and other facilities there.

When *Imogene VII* took off from Seven Mile Airstrip near Port Moresby on May 24, it was part of the last B 26 mission to Rabaul (heavy bombers were arriving in Australia to take over longer flight missions like this). Mechanical and weather-related issues had often prevented some medium bombers from reaching the target area, and the May 24 mission was no different; three of the six B-26s assigned to the bombing run turned back. *Imogene VII*, carrying incendiary bombs, ended up in the starboard position of a three bomber formation.

Imogene VII's crew that day was a mostly inexperienced lot.



US AIR FORCE PHOTO

A Martin B-26 Marauder like *Imogene VII* was a real sardine can, holding seven or eight men. The tight fit is visible in this photo of *Fightin' Cock*, a Ninth Air Force B-26B in England. Shooting down a relatively small B-26 let the enemy knock several men out of combat.

MISSING OVER

Rabaul

NEW BRITAIN

May 24, 1942 – March 25, 1943

Rabaul

NEW
IRELAND

Bismarck
Sea

In the predawn hours of March 25, Wallace, Dale Bordner, and Marvin Hughes are rescued by the Royal Australian Air Force

Lolobau Is.

Ulamona

Mt. Ulawun
(The Father)
2,327m

Mt. Bamus
(South Son)
2,195m

On the run from the Japanese, the American airmen leave in two groups for the western coast of New Britain

Open Bay

Mt. Likiepunga
(North Son)

NEW
BRITAIN

Wide Bay

Nambling

Harold Massie guides the injured plane into a flat landing in rough seas; surviving crew members are helped ashore by local natives

Crater Point
Flight from Port Moresby

Thirty-eight days after the crash, Eugene Wallace, Massie, and Arthur King travel to a new hideout on Jacquot Bay, planning to return for their wounded companions later

5

4

Jacquot Bay

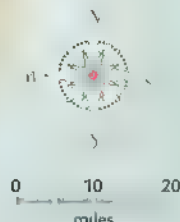
Cape Kwor

Imogene VII successfully drops its load of incendiaries on the airfield at Vunakanau

G A Z E L L E
P E N I N S U L A

St. Georges Channel

Solomon Sea



Flight path and overland routes are approximate



DREAMLINE CARTOGRAPHY DAVID DEIS

Massie was on his first operational mission in the pilot's chair. Tail gunner Dukes had never flown in any aircraft before that day; all he knew about being a tail gunner was what he learned in training school. Wallace was on his third combat mission. None of the others had many missions under their belts except for Swan. His assignment was to photograph the results of the mission: bombing the plane-laden Vunakanau Airfield 10 miles southeast of Rabaul, the larger of two airstrips then at the town.

Wallace remembered approaching Vunakanau:

We had three airplanes and this particular time we experienced planes [enemy bombers] that had taken off from [the airfield]. They came out as we were going in. We strafed them as we were going into their base. I don't know if we punched any holes in them or if we scared them even. We proceeded up the coast and then inland.

AFTER IMOGENE VII DROPPED HER BOMBS at Vunakanau, Swan took his photograph. But as Massie banked the plane for the return, a burst of anti-aircraft fire tore into one wing and damaged an engine, shutting it down. Then navigator Hughes staggered into the cockpit saying he was hit. As Wallace administered first aid, Massie ordered the crew to jettison weight. The plane was losing altitude fast. Soon it was obvious that *Imogene VII* was going down. Massie would have to ditch in the ocean. With only one working engine, the B-26 came in very fast, but Massie guided the plane into a hard, level landing on the

rough seas, an incredible feat. Wallace remembered,

When we hit the water we were all thrown forward. And I actually hit the airplane itself inside and I knocked some of my teeth out and split my lip. Basically [the plane] didn't tear up all that much and as I recall, the pilot..., I could see his hands on the throttle and he was beginning to pull back to get ready to slow up the airplane and get ready to land in the water.

After the crash landing, Wallace and five others got to the surface and inflated their life jackets. They had injuries ranging from cuts and bruises to serious wounds. The plane began to take on water and submerge nose first. The six airmen in the water could hear the terrified cries of the two men trapped in the rear of the aircraft, Dukes and Wolenski, as they tried in vain to reach them. Wallace said,

The plane turned up and I had heard yelling, 'Help me, please help me.' And I got out in the water and swam around. I could tell it was the rear of the airplane and I'd been swimming to get around to the rear and I could hear the people yelling for help inside the airplane. I didn't actually get into the airplane from the rear to lend a hand.

The *Imogene VII* disappeared into the sea, taking Dukes and Wolenski to an undersea grave.

Survivor Island by Jay Wertz

For the survivors, the ordeal was far from over. Massie, a strong swimmer, led the survivors toward shore, three-quarters of a mile away, in the direction of thatched huts. The airmen were off the New Britain coast, a scant 50 miles south of Rabaul at Wide Bay, and they didn't know what to expect. At first, the village seemed to be deserted. But soon villagers, startled by the crash, emerged and moved toward the beach to see what had sent them running for cover.

The question was, are these natives going to be a threat? We saw a couple of the natives slide out a canoe and begin to paddle. At that time we recognized that they were friendly. There were three of them, two or three, got out in the water so they were joining us.

Putting the most seriously injured airmen into the canoe, the young male villagers swam alongside with the other airmen. At one point, as the young men spoke rapidly, tossing in the occasional word of pidgin English, bombardier King suggested they were cannibals bringing home dinner. This brought weak laughs from his comrades, the first break they'd had from terror since

aware that he was speaking broken English with a German accent. He escorted us to the mission and his quarters which were nearby. Then he pointed across the bay there from his mission and explained how the Japanese engaged him. Japanese came up to him and he then showed his passport and it was in German.

BECAUSE OF THE GERMAN PASSPORT proving him a citizen of an Axis ally, the Japanese left the man alone. He couldn't shelter six American fliers, however, so after treating Wallace to a meal, he gave him a blanket, disinfectant, and some bandage cloth. Wallace returned to the village the same day.

The next day the missionary paid a brief visit. "He showed up the next morning," Wallace said, "and he was trying to tell us the lay of the land and what we were facing and all that sort of thing, where the Japanese troops were and so forth." As the airmen considered what to do, they came to believe they could trust their hosts. "The natives of the village were all interested in us, and they called us master, 'Hello master,' et cetera, so obviously they were willing to help, not that they could do much to help us physically or medically," Wallace said.



ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE PHOTO

trouble developed on the plane.

The whole village turned out to see the rescued men, who were displayed and then carried to a thatched hut set aside for guests. The Americans even got a houseboy. Finding from the villagers' conversation that it was good to be British, the airmen elected not to explain the difference between Brits and citizens of Britain's former colonies.

Soon, the villagers made Wallace understand that there was another white man in the area. It was still the day of the crash, but despite the ordeal he had been through, Wallace left with two guides to find the man. After a three hour walk, they found him. He was an Austrian missionary. Wallace recalled,

When I approached him..., both of us coming together and held out our hands to say hello, he was talking to us but I was



US AIR FORCE PHOTO

The villagers watched with interest as Wallace, Massie, and King looked after the injured Hughes, Bordner, and Swan, the last of whom had a broken shoulder and was in the worst shape. The men were heartened when the village leader, the *luluai*, called a town meeting and made it known to his people that they were not to reveal the airmen's presence to the Japanese.

On the Austrian missionary's recommendation, Massie made a long trip to see another white man, at Jacquinot Bay south of the village. Massie returned two weeks later with supplies and tips to improve relations with the native people. Massie told his comrades,

Sing to them, humor them. Let them see you bathe and wash your clothes frequently. Cleanliness is an eccentricity they expect of white people. The natives hold three things sacred, their marys [wives], pigs and gardens. The controlling emotion in [their] lives is fear.

Above, left: After catching the notice of US aircrews, the stranded Americans were rescued by an Australian Catalina seaplane on March 25, 1943. Later that day, the rescuers posed for a photo with their seaplane in Port Moresby's Fairfax Harbor. Above, right: The survivors—(from left) Corporal Dale Bordner, radio operator; Second Lieutenant Marvin Hughes, navigator; and copilot Wallace—appear gaunt but relieved.

A Port in a Storm

A US B-25 Mitchell bomber flies over a Japanese ship burning in Rabaul's harbor during the November 1943 air raid on the enemy base.

Early in 1942, still smarting from the Pearl Harbor raid, the United States set its sights on blunting Japan's aggression in the Pacific. One important step toward that goal was finding a way to neutralize Japan's huge air and naval base at Rabaul.

Situated in the Bismarck Archipelago, in what was then Australia's Territory of New Guinea, Rabaul was a thriving commercial center and, with some 10,000 residents, the largest population center on the island of New Britain. It was a hub for processing copra—dried coconut meat, pressed to extract its oil. A nearly perfect harbor made Rabaul a busy port.

The northeastern tip of crescent-shaped New Britain where Rabaul lay, however, was a geologically unstable lip of an under-sea volcano. Frequent minor earthquakes shook the region, and hot gases, ash, and lava periodically spewed from peaks on the volcano lip. Living in this fractured abcess of the earth's crust, with its staggering heat, humidity, and resulting pestilence, was as soul-wrenching as it was lucrative.

Early on, Japanese strategists decided that Rabaul's benefits outweighed its discomforts. Shortly after the December 1941 capture of Guam in the Mariana Islands, which had been held by an undermanned US force, Japan decided a similar operation would work on New Britain. So it committed the South Seas Force—a joint army-navy group directly under its control—to invade New Britain.

New Britain's Allied garrison was a small one. Australia had gained control of the Bismarck Archipelago and other island groups from Germany as a result of the post-WWI Treaty of Versailles. Since then, Australia had maintained a handful of troops and basic civil administration on New Britain, centered around Rabaul. As 1942 began, the Australian government considered New Britain a lost cause and elected not to reinforce Rabaul.

Imperial Japanese Navy planes flying from Truk in the Caroline Islands began systematically bombing Rabaul on January 4, 1942. Rabaul's garrison fought back with whatever it could muster. It consisted of the army's Lark Force (members of the 2/22nd Infantry Battalion, 23rd Brigade, 8th Division, 2nd Australian Imperial Force); the 24 Squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force; coastal artillery; and two WWI anti-aircraft cannons in a redoubt on a volcano above the town.

The 24 Squadron flew 4 Lockheed twin-engine Hudson light bombers and 10 Wirraways, Australian variants of the North American Aviation's NA-16 two-seat trainer. Slow and limited in climbing ability, the Wirraway was incapable of challenging the Japanese

twin-engine bombers and flying boats sent to bomb Rabaul.

Despite having outdated cannons, the Aussie anti-aircraft crew downed a torpedo bomber and severely damaged several other Japanese carrier-based planes flying a January 20 bombing sortie. The Wirraways also rose to challenge the bombers and their Zero fighter escorts, but were unable to shoot any down. Instead, 24 Squadron was virtually wiped out. One Hudson remained, and it was used to evacuate the wounded. Unable to do more, the Aussies sabotaged Rabaul's airfields and other facilities (though ineffectively). Non-essential military personnel and civilians fled south to be evacuated by seaplane.

When Japanese troops from the South Seas Force landed at Rabaul on January 23, they easily captured the town and two airstrips fronting Simpson Harbor. What remained of Lark Force fled in trucks. When the trucks bogged down, the soldiers were ordered to scatter in the jungle. The Japanese rounded up most of these men over the next few weeks, often with help from natives they bribed. Some of the captured Aussies were executed. Those who became prisoners of war (including female nurses) and many of Rabaul's white residents were incarcerated in stockades on the edge of town.

Settling in, the Japanese made Rabaul their most important supply base in the South Pacific. So on January 24, the Australian air force started bombing Rabaul using seaplanes. The United States joined in February. A planned February 21 surprise raid by US Navy carrier planes was canceled when the Japanese detected the operation. Japanese planes then flew out from Rabaul to attack, and US Navy fliers scored their first air-to-air combat victories. Shortly afterward, Australian-based B-17 heavy bombers that were to have been part of the scrubbed surprise raid began high-level bombing of Rabaul.

Other events in the South Pacific kept US planes from bombing Rabaul until 1943. But that November, the US Navy, the Australian air force, and US Army Air Forces renewed their efforts with a vengeance. Constant aerial bombing, losses in sea battles, and isolation by successful Allied campaigns in the Solomon Islands and New Guinea neutralized Rabaul, reducing it to a shell of the vital nerve center it had been at the beginning of 1942. In the last days of 1943, the US 1st Marine Division landed on New Britain, though it didn't assault Rabaul for fear of causing needless casualties. Allied forces finally returned to Rabaul after Japan's surrender in August 1945.

—Jay Wertz

Survivor Island

by Jay Wertz

Wallace and the other able airmen took the advice. They sang songs including "God Bless America," "Deep in the Heart of Texas," and "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech" (the villagers' favorite). They taught the locals simple games such as hopscotch and bathed in the ocean within their view. The white man at Jacquinot Bay, an Australian, had sent tobacco sticks (dried tobacco leaves twisted into sticks), a valuable commodity for trade with the villagers.

The singing and activity raised the spirits of the injured airmen, too. Food was running low in their adopted home, however, and the three stronger men decided to press on, hoping to return later for their colleagues. Thirty-eight days after the crash—Wallace carved notches in a coconut shell for a calendar—he, King, and Massie left in the direction of Jacquinot Bay, accompanied by hired guides paid in tobacco sticks.

A LONG THE WAY Massie took ill with an unknown ailment and had to be carried in a blanket sling by the guides the rest of the way to the hideout of the Australian Massie had met before. Jungle rot was affecting the legs of all the fliers. But the sores on Massie's legs grew so bad that he began to lose the will to live. Only with the help and advice of the Australian, Wallace, and King did Massie regain his spirit and some of his strength.

By July 17, Wallace's 23rd birthday, Hughes, Bordner, and Swan reached the Jacquinot Bay hideaway, delivered in an outrigger canoe by men from the Wide Bay village. They brought alarming news: a messenger had visited the Wide Bay village to report that the Japanese knew of the Americans' presence and were closing in.

Now the airmen had to move. They decided to travel inland, aiming for the other side of New Britain, the island's west coast, south of the Gazelle Peninsula where Rabaul was. According to their Australian friend, only one white man had ever made this journey successfully.

The arduous overland trip took the six Americans through dense jungle. The natives of the interior were less friendly and communicative than the coastal people. Villages were farther apart, and their *luluais* were less inclined to offer assistance. Disease was in the air, and at one point Wallace, Hughes, Bordner, and Swan became incapacitated. Finding a village, they were not welcomed, but they convinced the *luluai* to let them stay. King and Massie were still able to walk, so they forged ahead. The day was July 27.

In the weeks that followed, Wallace and his three companions pressed on, too, but had difficulty hiring guides and recruiting helpers to carry Swan, the most infirm, in a blanket sling. At one point, Wallace hunkered down with Swan while Hughes and

Bordner crossed a high plateau to look for help. After nine days, Wallace went to look for them but instead discovered an abandoned village inhabited only by a young native man called Doctor Boy. Hughes and Bordner met Wallace there a few days later, bringing word they'd heard that Massie and King had been captured by the Japanese. That fate was never confirmed.

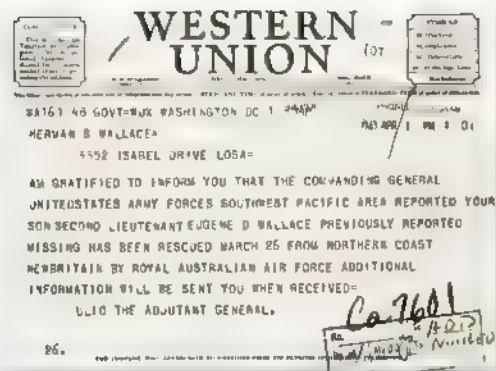
Bordner and Hughes returned for Swan while Wallace stayed with Doctor Boy to start a garden and establish a long-term hideout. While he waited, however, Wallace came down with malaria. Time dragged on with no news. Finally, a messenger brought news that Swan had died of his wounds.

Four months passed before Wallace was reunited with Hughes and Bordner at another village. They brought a letter that contained the best news they had received since leaving Port Moresby. A white man, hearing of the airmen's presence, offered to take them into his camp, where he had food, medicine, and a plan to escape New Britain. Under the circumstances, they decided to put their trust in the author of the letter, who signed himself "John Stokie." Wallace remembered, "Well, John Stokie was at Rabaul when the Japanese attacked and he escaped with his gun. He was willing to give us information and advice and so forth and some medical attention, bandages and stuff."

After the Japanese takeover of Rabaul, Stokie had taken to the jungle and become a one-man guerrilla force. He always included the designation "NGVR" (New Guinea Volunteer Rifles) and his service number, 239, with his signature. In February 1943, native guides loyal to Stokie made contact with Wallace, Hughes, and Bordner in the jungle and led them over the mountains to New Britain's west coast.

Stokie had a camp just inland from a coastal village near the island of Ulamona. He was as happy to see the three airmen as they were to see him. He fed them to help them regain their strength and gave them quinine and other medicines for malaria and jungle diseases. With his friends from the village, he had built a seaworthy dugout canoe with a sail. The plan he proposed to the Americans was to construct a second canoe, and when the trade winds shifted to the southeast, they would sail down the coast and cross over to New Guinea, eventually making their way to Port Moresby. It was an ambitious if risky plan, but there were few alternatives.

March 6, 1943, changed everything. That day, an American B-24 Liberator heavy bomber flew over the camp. Stokie flashed a mirror at the plane, as he had done to other planes before without results. This time, it caught the crew's attention. The bomber made a return pass over the village. On successive passes, Wallace and Bordner rowed a canoe out into the lagoon and waved pieces



COURTESY OF ELIZABETH WALLACE FAMILY

Above: Wallace's family learned of his rescue from this April 1, 1943, telegram. Opposite, top: Bordner and Wallace celebrate with fellow airmen. Their ordeal had cost them and Hughes 5 crewmates and 10 months of suffering, ill health, and constant peril. Now, they were celebrities. *Life* published a feature on the men in its June 28 issue. And Wallace returned to the States to inspire war bond sales.



of cloth while the villagers danced on shore.

The next day another bomber buzzed the village and dropped a streamer with instructions for the white men to identify their organization, which they scratched in the sand. The bomber returned and dropped a package by parachute with supplies and specific instructions about communicating the ranking officer's serial number. The would-be rescuers wanted to be sure the party below wasn't a Japanese decoy. The downed airmen painted Wallace's serial number on white cards from the dropped package and kept the cards camouflaged on the beach every day until March 17, when a B-17 Flying Fortress heavy bomber flew over the village. Three days later, the castaways knew their information had been verified when a Liberator dropped a package with specific instructions for a night rendezvous with a seaplane.

The men took turns standing watch for the rescue plane. In the predawn hours of March 25, Bordner was on watch. He heard the low drone of a plane and realized a seaplane was approaching. It was a Catalina PBY, serial number A24-17, of the Royal Australian Air Force, with an eight-man crew commanded by Captain Reginald B. Burrage. All the men on board had volunteered for the dangerous mission. The entire village witnessed the rescue, and the Aussie aircrew left the natives with presents of knives and tomahawks as thanks for their assistance. Fortunately, the commotion did not attract the attention of Japanese in the area.

The three American airmen, plus Stokie and three of his loyal islander companions, reached the PBY by canoe and climbed aboard. Six hours later the plane was on the ground at Port Moresby, where Wallace, Bordner, Hughes, and their lost companions had taken off almost exactly 10 months earlier. "After

we were rescued they were relaying interviews [with us] down to their [Fifth Air Force] headquarters in Brisbane," Wallace recalled. "We eventually were taken out to our base to say hello to the troops."

After bidding their new friend John Stokie goodbye, the three Americans were flown to their home base in Australia, where each received the Purple Heart. Soon they were home in the United States, where they continued their recovery.

WALLACE MADE APPEARANCES for the US War Bond effort, lectured at aviation plants, and worked on some Hollywood-produced documentaries and served as an advisor for the 1944 film *The Purple Heart*. He continued in the US Air Force (successor to the US Army Air Forces) for 28 years, flying 19 different aircraft models and attaining the rank of full colonel. Hughes and Bordner returned to civilian life and had successful careers. Over the years, Wallace kept in touch with them and with other colleagues, including Burrage, the Catalina pilot who led the rescue effort and who helped spread the story of the ordeal of the downed American fliers and their dramatic rescue.

Thanks to the kindness of some New Georgia islanders, the Austrian missionary, the Aussie at Jacquot Bay, and Stokie had survived most of a year in one of earth's harshest climates. And thanks to Burrage and his crew, they lived to see victory over Imperial Japan—and life after war. ★

JAY WERTZ is a film sound editor and documentary writer, producer, and director in the Los Angeles area. He is the author of articles and books about the American Civil War and World War II.



Takia



Kid Say...

A former Disney artist created the buck-toothed Tokio Kid. But this was no cartoon for kids. And what he said were fighting words.

by Robert Gabrick

Tokio Kid was a Japanese monster of American making. The truth is, he was on Uncle Sam's side and payroll. He was a poster character created to remind American workers of the slaughter, cruelty, and mercilessness for which the militant, expansionist Empire of Japan became infamous in the 1930s and 1940s.

COURTESY OF ROBERT GABRICK

Tokio Kid Say... by Robert Gabrick



THE TOKIO KID WAS IN AMERICA'S WAR FACTORIES, and he had a message for the workers. Fangs and buck teeth protruded from his hungry, drooling mouth, framed by a wispy mustache. Squinty eyes peered through thick, outsize spectacles, on a pointy head topped by a military cap showing Japan's rising sun. One hand clenched a swastika-embazoned sack and a bloody dagger. The other picked up cast-off rivets in clawed fingers. The diabolical figure's message was one of gratitude: "Tokio Kid Say—Sooooo happy please—to saboteurs who wasting rivets. Thank you."

Of course, the cartoon's *real* message was a call for US war workers to work harder, avoid waste, and thereby help beat the Axis powers. Tokio Kid was part of wartime America's all-out scramble to arm, equip, and feed the fighting men of the United States and its allies in the battle against Axis oppression. And his tactics seemed to work.

Birth of a Poster Icon

SCARCELY SIX MONTHS AFTER Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor thrust the United States into World War II, *Time* magazine took note of a cultural phenomenon. "Little Japs are infiltrating U.S. factories, beaming and slaving with wicked satisfaction but doing no good to Japan," the June 15, 1942, issue revealed. "They are all versions of one & the same little Jap, Douglas Aircraft Co's gargoyle-like cartoon character." That cartoon character was Tokio Kid.

Created by Douglas Aircraft artists Jack Campbell and Harry Bailey, Tokio Kid appeared on motivational posters wherever Americans worked to make weapons and supplies for victory in the war. Campbell, who was solely responsible for the cartoon by the time the article appeared in *Time*, had a history of lending his artistic talent to the military, having served in the 40th Engineering Camouflage Division during World War I. He had worked for Walt Disney Productions before moving to Douglas.

No one ever suggested that Tokio Kid resembled a real person. Realism wasn't Campbell's intention. The kid was a deliberate caricature designed, as *Time* put it, to help "reduce tool breakage and waste" at Douglas Aircraft. "No other wartime industrial poster has caught on like the Kid," said *Time*. Douglas officials claimed, "The Kid is responsible for a reduced ratio of waste and for redoubled suggestions from employees," behaviors crucial to keeping war production on target.

Tokio Kid quickly took on a life of his own, showing up on posters far beyond the walls of Douglas factories. The company distributed copies of two Tokio Kid posters to 7,000 of its suppliers. Other companies soon sought out posters for use in their own factories, including Vultee Aircraft, Diamond Tool, Chrysler, Remington Rand, Westinghouse, Western Electric, and Carnegie-Illinois Steel.

Even Uncle Sam partnered with Tokio Kid. The federal War Production Board assisted in expanding the poster campaign across the nation's industrial sector. The US Treasury Department recruited the kid to sell war bonds, and the Office of War Information (OWI) came calling, too. In 1944, Don Black, manager of the Douglas Aircraft News Bureau, received a request for posters from Jacques DunLany, the chief of the OWI's Division of Poster Clearance and Allocation. DunLany sent a letter thanking Black for the posters, noting, "Various people to whom I have shown these have evinced considerable interest in them."

Tokio Kid's Moment

FIGHTING WORLD WAR II on America's industrial, agricultural, and financial fronts demanded creativity and resolve as vigorous as that on the battlefields. The goal was to produce abundant equipment, weapons, food, and supplies for the nation's soldiers, sailors, marines, and aviators. Civilians—from high government officials and corporate executives down to the men and women on the factory floor—met this challenge, surpassing expectations and giving rise to an array of revolutionary innovations. It was this environment that gave birth to Tokio Kid. The left-handed sentiments of a grotesque cartoon character had a role to play in motivating workers to meet the challenges of war production.

On January 6, 1942, just shy of a



Above: Tokio Kid's job was to make US workers feel they were aiding a brutal enemy if they wasted materials (rivets, in this case), skipped work, broke tools, or caused accidents through carelessness. Opposite: Jack Campbell, a Douglas Aircraft Company artist, turned out one Tokio Kid poster after another for his employer, other companies, and the government. Here he paints statuettes of the kid in 1943.



Tokio Kid Say... by Robert Gabrick

month after Pearl Harbor, President Franklin Roosevelt delivered his State of the Union address. He announced his production goals: 60,000 planes, 45,000 tanks, and 20,000 anti aircraft guns for 1942; and 125,000 planes, 75,000 tanks, and 35,000 anti aircraft guns for 1943. Prior to the address, Roosevelt had said, "These figures are high because they represent what we simply have to produce. I have absolute confidence that the country can do the job." That confidence was not misplaced. Production totals from 1939 to 1945 were 303,713 military aircraft, 88,410 tanks, 257,390 anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons, 2.68 million machine guns, 2.38 million trucks, 6.5 million machine guns, and 40 billion bullets.

THIS WAR PRODUCTION MIRACLE happened mostly because Americans continually found ways to do things with less effort and in less time. Innovation, streamlining, invention, and collaboration played huge roles. But the American worker was the key.

For companies like Douglas Aircraft, getting things done required a complex symphony of coordinated efforts by employees. It required their commitment to avoid missing work, to keep from breaking tools, and to not make defective parts. These problems could destroy war production. Absenteeism in defense plants reached about 7 percent, for example. In one unusual but costly instance, some 25 percent of Boeing's workers failed to report for work on the weekend after Christmas 1942.

Enter Tokio Kid. This innovative motivational poster campaign painted absenteeism, waste, carelessness, overconsumption of resources, breakage of tools, and accidents as acts of assistance to a vicious and bloodthirsty enemy.

Caricature of an Enemy

TOKIO KID EMBODIED negative racial and cultural stereotypes about the Japanese and the idea that they were bloodthirsty predators. But was the kid a simple racist caricature or something more?

US Army war correspondent Ernie Pyle, sent to report on the Pacific war after covering the fighting in Europe, observed that the Japanese were portrayed as inferior. "In Europe we felt that our enemies, horrible and deadly as they were, were still people..." he wrote. "But out here, I soon gathered the Japanese were looked upon as something subhuman and repulsive the way some people feel about cockroaches or mice."

The caption for the painting of the US Third Fleet's commander, Admiral William "Bull" Halsey, Jr., on the July 23, 1945, cover of *Time* bears further witness. It cites Halsey's famous admonition to his men earlier in the Pacific War, when he commanded the South Pacific Area: "Kill Japs, kill Japs, and then kill more Japs."

Some thought Americans judged the Japanese enemy as lesser than the European enemy because of racial bias, but events of the war were important, too. As most Americans saw it, there was no German military action comparable to the shocking Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor.

Anti-Japanese attitudes hardened as the war continued. Outrage followed the April 1943 announcement that the Japanese had executed three captured airmen from Lieutenant Colonel James B. Doolittle's April 1942 air raid on Tokyo and had meted out life imprisonments to five others. In January 1944, revelations of April 1942's infamous Bataan Death March in the Philippines sparked further anger. *Time*, in its February 7, 1944, issue, declared that the Death March revealed the "true nature of the enemy..., a beast which sometimes stands erect."

Some historians point out that the Japanese *people* were the focus of anti Japanese war propaganda, while *Adolf Hitler* was the focus of anti German propaganda. Hitler's role as Germany's leader, however, lent itself to such a focus. No Japanese figure held a comparable position. A comparison with American anti-

German propaganda in the First World War is illuminating. In that war, with no Führer to focus on, Americans cast the Germans as subhuman apes capable of raping and plundering the innocent. These apes became the enemy of civilization.

This tradition played a part in creating America's image of the Japanese as enemy. Americans had only to remember the Rape of Nanking to cast Japan as an enemy of civilization. Japan had assaulted Nanking (as English-speakers called Nanjing, China, at that time) in December 1937. After destroying much of the city with aerial bombing raids, the Japanese went on an orgy of murder, rape, torture, looting, and burning of businesses and homes. It was the application of Japan's Three Alls policy in China: "Kill all, burn all, loot all." Estimated civilian

death totals vary, but they range from 40,000 to 300,000.

The Nanking Massacre reveals that it wasn't racial characteristics that made the image of the Imperial Japanese one of barbarism and bloodthirstiness. As the British Columbia Association for Learning and Preserving the History of WWII in Asia states in its curriculum for schools, "Japanese military aggression against China and other Asian countries before and during the Second World War is remembered for the cruelty and brutality of Japan's imperial forces... Millions died and millions more were held under brutal military rule. Civilians and prisoners of war faced some of the worst atrocities including...sexual slavery..., slave labour, live human medical experiments, and the use of chemical and biological weapons."



COURTESY OF ROBERT GABRICK

Conserving metal, rubber, and other materials to maximize war production and minimize costs was part of the equation for Allied victory over the Axis "rats." Innovative manufacturing methods helped, but worked only if employees made efficiency part of their mission.

More, Better, Cheaper, Faster

A black and white photograph showing a B-17 bomber in the process of being assembled in a large industrial hangar. The aircraft is positioned on a raised platform, and various mechanical components and structural parts are visible. The hangar has a high ceiling with visible steel beams and lighting fixtures. The overall scene depicts the scale of wartime aircraft production.

A B-17 bomber under construction at Douglas's plant in Long Beach, California, will get an improved nose to increase firepower.

The Tokio Kid poster campaign helped motivate war workers, but mobilizing the work force was just one factor in America's miraculous industrial output during World War II. Other key factors were innovation and an unheard-of cooperation among competitors.

American manufacturers made all sorts of innovations to streamline wartime production and increase output. Auto manufacturer Chrysler and its Desoto, Dodge, and Plymouth divisions, for example, produced the Bofors 40mm gun for the army and navy. Revised production methods saved 50,000 pounds of brass each month. They also cut the time to drill a gun barrel in half and the time to rifle one from 6 hours to just 45 minutes. Lighter-weight forgings of another component of the gun saved 420 man-hours, 566,400 pounds of steel, and 122,856 machine hours each year. General Motors' Saginaw Steering Gear division was able to deliver nearly 29,000 Browning Automatic Rifles rather than the initially promised 2,000 simply by drilling three round ventilation holes in a gun barrel at once instead of one elliptical hole at a time. Saginaw Steering Gear reduced the cost of the machine guns it manufactured from more than \$450 to less than \$150.

To appreciate the formidable challenges posed by manufacturing during wartime, compare the complexity of 1940s automobiles with that of WWII bombers. Automobiles at the time averaged 15,000 parts, while a plane like Consolidated Aircraft's B-24 Liberator heavy bomber required more than 100,000. Even much smaller items required a bewildering array of parts. Ford Motor Company and Sperry Gyroscope shared in the production of M-7 aiming mechanisms for anti-aircraft guns that required 1,820 parts with 11,130 pieces, 721 gears, 380 shafts, 549 ball bearing sets, and 39 instrument dials.

Perhaps even more mind-boggling, however, is the voluntary collaboration that occurred between competing manufacturers. One effort involved the Automotive Council for War Production, which provided opportunities for automotive manufacturers to share knowledge and materials and to standardize component parts in the manufacture of such things as motors, tanks, guns, and artillery projectiles.

California-based aircraft manufacturers and Seattle's Boeing created the Aircraft War Production Council, sharing parts and information in an effort to maximize production. North American Aviation's president, James H. Kindelberger, declared, "From now on, we're going to give our competitors anything we've got. They're going to do the same for us."

Douglas Aircraft Company, home of Tokio Kid, was a member of the production council. The company operated three plants in Southern California and others in Oklahoma City and Tulsa, Oklahoma, and in Chicago. Douglas's Long Beach plant was camouflaged to conceal it from any enemy airplane that might manage to fly overhead. It was also air-conditioned. It produced an amazing one airplane per hour at the height of its production efforts.

Between 1942 and 1945, Douglas manufactured 29,385 aircraft. The Long Beach plant alone produced 10,174 C-47 Skytrain transports based on the famous DC-3 airliner. Douglas also produced 7,467 DB-7 attack bombers. Designated by the army as the A-20 Havoc, the plane was the most common attack bomber of the war. In addition, Douglas built the A-26 Invader medium bomber and the carrier-based SBD Dauntless dive bomber, which sank more tonnage in the Pacific than any other aircraft.

—Robert Gabrick



Tokio Kid Say... by Robert Gabrick



Opposite: Variations on Tokio Kid. One poster shows sculptures of riveters and the ever-lurking kid. Above: A “Japanese Hunting License” for President Franklin Roosevelt. Like the kid, anti-Axis novelties caricatured a feared enemy to assert superiority over him.

Frank Capra’s 1942–1945 documentary series *Why We Fight* included the installment *Know Your Enemy—Japan*. It was intended as a training film for troops preparing for a planned invasion of the Japanese homeland. Critics see the film as a reflection of racist views that Capra shared with the American public. The film depicts the Japanese as “bloodthirsty” and “fanatical.” Japanese soldiers are shown as formidable enemies steeped in the Bushido (“Way of the Warrior”) tradition and “commanded by heaven to conquer all other races and peoples.”

Capra, who made his series as a major in the US Army Signal Corps, argued that he used only material created by the Japanese themselves. Other commentators point to the Japanese fanaticism that American servicemen in the Pacific witnessed firsthand—suicides by soldiers and civilians, kamikaze attacks, booby-trapped bodies of the dead—and suggest that Capra had a point.

During World War II, each account of Imperial Japanese cruelty evoked a visceral “Remember Pearl Harbor” response. Outrage gave way to resolve. Such a reaction was ideal for motivating home front war workers to help defeat a dangerous enemy. And it was precisely that reaction that the Tokio Kid was meant to elicit.

Warily Demeaning the Enemy

PROMOTING A BELITTLING CARICATURE of the enemy could backfire. In the run-up to America’s entry into the war, it contributed to an underestimation of Japan’s capabilities. On January 21, 1940, for example, the *New York Times* featured a cartoon with Uncle Sam aboard a large ship, looking down at a small Japanese sailor on a small ship. “Are you sure you won’t run out of gas, sonny?” he wisecracks.

Such attitudes underwent a profound change by the end of 1941. This was reflected in Tokio Kid. While clearly a racist caricature, the kid was also an image of a malevolent evil very capable of undermining America’s war efforts. The threat he represent-

ed reinforced the need to fight the Japanese harder. One popular novelty item on the home front was the Japanese Hunting License. A copy sent to Roosevelt entitled him to “hunt the Japanese rat.”

In war, all participants create negative images of the enemy while exalting their own image. The Japanese were no exception. An article in the January 1942 issue of the Japanese monthly *Bungei Shunju* lists the basic Japanese traits as “brightness, strength, and uprightness” and declares the Japanese “the most superior race in the world.” It concludes that no people “could equal the ‘bright and strong’ moral superiority of the Japanese.”

WHILE TOKIO KID FLOURISHED in the States, the Japanese created race-based caricatures of their own, including of Americans. Roosevelt was typically depicted as a demonic figure, usually with horns. One caption has him declaring, “The demon is me! The demon is me!” Other cartoons exhorted Japanese to kill the “devilish Americans and British.” Japanese cartoons often coupled American and British figures, suggesting their relationship was not just political but racial, too. The Japanese also used negative stereotypical depictions of Jews

Tokio Kid was a character at once simple and complex. While obviously a racially based slur, the kid reflected a racism born of wartime efforts to demean the enemy, an effort common among all belligerent nations. But the kid’s bloodthirsty and threatening aspects also reflected a dangerous reality, documented in the atrocities committed by the Imperial Japanese. Remembrance of those atrocities spurred Americans to action, at the front and on the home front. Ultimately, the American worker grasped the meaning behind the Tokio Kid posters and set to work winning the war through heroic home-front production. ★

ROBERT GABRICK is a contributing editor of *America in WWII*. He divides his time among Wisconsin, Delaware, and California.

A WWII Scrapbook



NATIONAL ARCHIVES

An SB2U Vindicator flies over a November 1941 Atlantic convoy, watching for subs—a job Bob Brophy did at Gibraltar.

SUB HUNTING OFF AFRICA

AS THE WAR PROGRESSED, all my friends were drafted or volunteered in the different services, and I was left working in a defense plant. I was being patriotic, but it wasn't enough, so I quit my job, went down to the draft board, and was inducted into the navy. I was now part of the excitement and events of a world war and every day was a new adventure.

After 3 months of training, I was shipped overseas and, after 19 days of crossing the Atlantic, had landed in Oran, Algeria, in North Africa. After a short layover I was loaded on a train resurrected from World War I, called a 40-and-8, meaning 40 men or 8 horses in a boxcar, on my way to Port Lyautey, French Morocco, on the Atlantic coast. The boxcars were falling apart due to age, and the engine was so old and slow that it allowed us to get some exercise by running alongside it as it went down the track.

Upon arriving at my new base, I became part of the aircrew on an aircraft that flew anti-submarine patrols in the Strait of Gibraltar. The patrol usually lasted 8 hours, flying 10 feet above the water because our onboard magnetic air detection gear could not penetrate more than 300 feet of depth. I sat in the after-station waiting for the radioman to sound the alarm that he had gotten a blip on his detection gear and that he had fired a

smoke float on that spot. After the initial blip detection began an exciting few minutes of flying back and forth dropping smoke floats every time he got a blip.

If we perceived a pattern of smokes, we then armed our bombs and dropped them at the next blip. Unfortunately this area had a very swift current and moved our smoke floats very fast. As a result, we thought we had movement underwater, but in actuality, we had just bombed an old wreck.

Bob Brophy

*wartime US Navy submarine hunter
Alto, New Mexico*

THE TELEGRAM

WE HAD LONG AGO told members of our family not to ring our front doorbell. Uncle Joe was still somewhere in Europe, and he had named my mother as his next of kin to be notified if anything happened to him. Twice, the Department of War rang our doorbell to tell us that Joe had been wounded. Each time Freda, my mother, died a little in her heart, first thinking the two officers were there to tell her that Ray, my brother, was either wounded or dead.

It was Sunday at lunchtime when the front doorbell rang one day in January 1945. The three of us—my mother, my father, and I—just sat there frozen in our chairs. The bell continued to ring and the

three of us went to the front hall stairs. I went down to answer the door. I think I was the only one who could move.

I opened the front door and a man handed me an envelope saying "Telegram for Levine." I took the envelope and examined it as well as I could through the tears that welled up and overflowed my eyes. I didn't run up the stairs, but as I walked and examined the envelope I kept saying, "There are no blue stars on it. There are no blue stars." On all the other telegrams we got, there were blue stars. [Blue stars represented a family member serving in the military. Gold stars represented family mem-



1940s GI and civilian patter

gas house: bar or other establishment that serves alcoholic drinks and tends to get filled with patrons' hot air.

gazoonie: a dummy, as in "This gazoonie spilled his drink on me at the gas house last night."

bers who had died serving in the military.]

I don't know who opened the envelope, but my mother opened the paper inside and it read, "Happy birthday Mom and Mack, Forgot to send cards. Love, Ray." It wasn't bad news, it was good news. The tears just flooded with relief. It would be some time before everyone was calm again.

Mackie Levine

*wartime boy on the home front
Manchester, New Hampshire*

STUCK IN WARTIME JAPAN

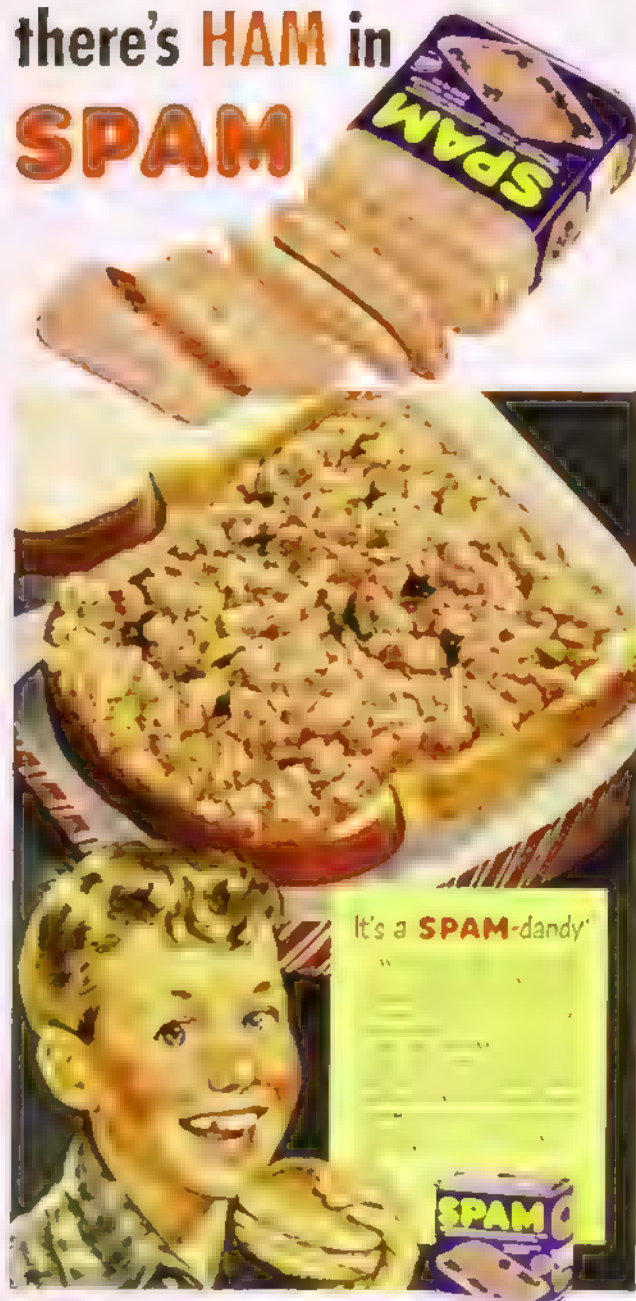
THE TIME WAS late 1941 and the place was Stockton, California. The family consisted of a Japanese mother and her American-born son, Kenny. One day in early December 1941, the mother received a letter from Japan written by her sister. The sister had become very sick and was unable to help herself and thus requested that Kenny and his mother return to Japan and take care of her.

The mother agreed and contacted the State Department, requesting visas for both herself and her son, explaining the need for a rush. She discovered a Japanese cargo ship at Long Beach, preparing to return to Japan. The State Department, due to the short amount of time, sent her a letter, addressed "To Whom It May Concern," explaining she and her son were American citizens. This letter would allow them to get through Japanese customs so she and her son could enter Japan. Then she was to contact the American consul, which would issue them their visas.

There was a lot of running around, but the mother and son made the ship before it set sail. Several days out to sea the ship received a message that Japan and the United States were at war. All American citizens aboard were locked into their cabins for the remainder of the trip with guards posted on their doors, but Kenny and his mother were given the freedom of the ship. When the ship docked in Yokohama, armed guards boarded and removed all the Americans from the ship and sent them to a prisoner of war camp, where they would stay for the rest of the war. Kenny and his mother, however, were processed through customs and allowed to leave freely.

Kenny's aunt was happy to see them. His mother took over running the house, preparing meals and all other duties. Kenny

Your best buy...because there's **HAM** in **SPAM**



If you like HAM...you'll like SPAM!



GEO. A. HORMEL & CO. • 1941

USS SLATER

Albany, New York

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- ★ WWII Drone

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had to find a job, and based on his lack of job experience, he worked as a street cleaner, in addition to other basic labor jobs. The hours were long and the pay was very low. He had to be careful, for, as a loyal American, he couldn't take employment with the government or a company that supported the Japanese war effort.

When the war was over, Kenny and his mother reported to the newly returned American consul to secure their visas. Upon arriving, they were told that the consul was aware of their American status, but that all Americans caught inside wartime Japan had to be investigated to find out whether they had worked for the Japanese military. These individuals would be prosecuted as traitors and punished accordingly. At that point, Kenny secured a job with the American occupying forces at the Port of Yokohama as a clerk in the military police office. Unable to prove his American status, he was paid as a Japanese worker.

As a US Army criminal investigator, I met and used Kenny as an interpreter on many cases that occurred in the port area of Yokohama. He was one of the nicest individuals I had ever met. We worked together as a team. I gave him my German police dog as protection for his home.

Finally, Kenny was informed that the American consul had cleaned up its backlog, and he and his mother were issued US passports. Wonderful things started to happen. Being an American, he jumped from a Japanese low-level laborer's pay to a high position as interpreter-translator under American pay. He said, "It's like Christmas in July!"

Kenny Nelson

*wartime US Army military police
investigator in Yokohama, Japan
Camarillo, California*

WWII Airborne Action!

BATTLE OF BURP GUN CORNER

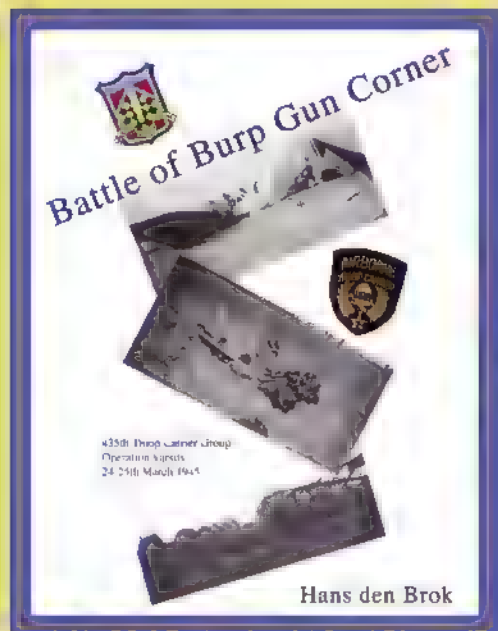
BY HANS DEN BROK

MARCH 23, 1945:

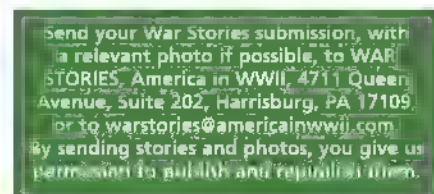
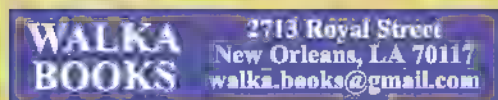
Allied Airborne leaps across
Hitler's holy Rhine.

288 American glider pilots
deliver their loads, and as a
provisional infantry company,
take a defensive position at
a crossroad . . .

soon to be called
**"BURP GUN
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2015 WWII AIR SHOWS

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And tell 'em you heard about it in *AMERICA IN WWII*.

Check websites or call to confirm details before planning your travel.

World War II Heritage Days

April 18–19 • Peachtree City, GA

Show features WWII aircraft, period vehicles, education displays, guest speakers and demonstrations including mock battles between Allied and Axis reenactors, "Keep 'em Flying" WWII-theme hangar dance. Local actors and singers will impersonate 1940s celebrities and perform period musical hits throughout the weekend.

Admission: suggested donation of \$5 for adults; under 6, free

Hosted by the Commemorative Air Force Dixie Wing Atlanta Regional Airport–Falcon Field. 678-364-1110. www.wwiideays.org

2015 Central Texas Air Show

May 1–3 • Temple, TX

The AeroShell Aerobatic Team flying T-6 Texan trainers and the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" reenactment of Pearl Harbor attack headline this year's show. Admission: adult weekend pass, \$30; adult one day, \$15; ages 6–12 one day, \$4; under 6, free; active-duty military and their immediate families, free all weekend. Draughton-Miller Central Texas Regional Airport. www.centraltexasairshow.com

Planes of Fame Air Show

May 2–3 • Chino, CA

Air show will feature more than 40 WWII-era aircraft including B-17s, P-47s, and P-51s, in addition to modern aircraft.

Admission: adults, \$25; children 11 or younger, free. Planes of Fame Air Museum. 909-597-3722. www.planesoffame.org

Arsenal of Democracy:

World War II Victory Capital Flyover

May 8 • Washington DC

This special flyover by WWII aircraft commemorates the 70th anniversary of VE Day. 12 10–12 50 P.M. Flyover will contain 15 different flight formations representing major war battles and raids, including Pearl Harbor, the Doolittle Raid, Guadalcanal, D-Day, the Battle of the Bulge, and more. Concludes with missing man formation accompanied by "Taps." Admission: free. National Mall www.ww2flyover.org

Quad City Air Show

May 9–10 • Davenport, IA

Show includes flight demonstration by T-6 Texan trainer and a number of other WWII-vintage aircraft on display. Admission: adults, \$16 in advance, \$25 at the gate; ages 4–10, \$5 in advance, \$10 at the gate; kids under 4, free; parking \$4 in advance, \$5 at the gate

Advance tickets must be purchased by April 27. Davenport Municipal Airport. QCABoss@aol.com. www.quadcityairshow.com

Warbirds over the Beach Air Show

May 16–17 • Virginia Beach, VA

The myriad Allied and Axis WWII aircraft at this show include fighters, trainers, bombers, and liaison planes. WWII aircraft in flight, warbird rides, reenactors, hangar dance, live music.

Admission: Check website closer to event dates. Hosted by the Military Aviation Museum. Virginia Beach Airport, 1341 Princess Anne Road. 757-721-7767. www.vbairshow.com

Discover Aviation Days

May 30–31 • Blaine, MN

See WWII fighters, trainers, and bombers flying and on display, together with non-military and modern planes. Veterans, historical displays, aircraft and helicopter rides, hangar dance with 1940s swing band. Admission: Free. Anoka County Airport.

Info@DiscoverAviationDays.org. 763-568-6072.

www.discoveraviationdays.org

Mid-Atlantic Air Museum's 25th Annual WWII Weekend

June 5–7 • Reading, PA

This large all-WWII airshow hosts numerous WWII aircraft, flying and on the ground, plus 200 military vehicles, warbird rides, more than 1,700 reenactors, ground combat simulations, living history encampments, a WWII flea market and vendors, 1940s entertainment, and a hangar dance. An oral history van from the American Wartime Museum will be present to gather oral histories. Admission: adults, \$25 in advance, \$27 at the gate; ages 6–10, \$10 in advance, \$12 at the gate; ages 5 and younger, free; three-day pass, \$68 in



advance, \$75 at the gate. Mid-Atlantic Air Museum, Reading Regional Airport. 610-372-7333. www.maam.org

AirShow San Diego

June 20-21 • El Cajon, CA

Includes more than 55 vintage, antique, and WWII aircraft on display, classic cars, plus mock dogfights, T-34 aerobatic routine, flight demonstration by John Collver in his AT-6/SNJM *War Dog*, and the Red Eagles Formation Flight Team. Admission: check website closer to event. Gillespie Field. airgroupone@gmail.com. 619-259-5541. www.ag1caf.org

Wings over Gaylord

June 20-21 • Gaylord, MI

Jets and vintage warbirds are in the air and on display. Modern and historic military vehicles. Big-band-themed hangar dance Friday night. Admission: adults, \$10 in advance, \$15 at the event; kids under 5, free. Gaylord Regional Airport. 989-732-4218. www.wingsovergaylord.org

Warbird Roundup

June 27-28 • Nampa, ID

Features aircraft demonstrations and walk-arounds. Includes WWII and Vietnam-era aircraft, Joseph Galloway, author of the book *We Were Soldiers Once...and Young*, will speak. Admission: adults, \$15; ages 65 and older and military, \$12; children ages 5-12, \$6; children under 5, free. Warhawk Air Museum, 201 Municipal Way suepaul@warhawkairmuseum.org. 208-465-6232. www.warhawkairmuseum.org

AirExpo 2015

July 11-12 • Eden Prairie, MN

A rare Fairey Gannet XT752 is among this show's WWII aircraft. Others include Mustangs, FG-1D Corsair, B-17, B-25, TBM Avenger, trainers, BT-13 Valiant, T-50 Bobcat, and more. WWII veterans will attend. Admission: Adults \$15, \$22 for weekend pass; children ages 8-12, \$5, \$7.50 for weekend pass, ages 7 and younger, free. Flying Cloud Airport. 952-746-6100. www.airexpo-mn.org

Gathering of Eagles XIX Air Show

July 11-12 • Willoughby, OH

Flying and static WWII warbirds, WWII reenactors, living history, and vintage cars come together at this show. List of participating

SPECIAL EVENTS SECTION 2015 WWII AIR SHOWS

aircraft to be released closer to event date. Admission: adults, \$15, couples, \$25; ages 4-12, \$10, two for \$15; age 3 or younger, free. Lost Nation Airport. hapberichon@yahoo.com. 440-759-4148. www.usam.us/index.htm

Greenwood Lake Air Show

August 14-16 • West Milford, NJ

Includes aircraft demonstrations, WWII warbird displays, exhibits featuring living history veterans, the Army Air Forces Historical Association, and aircraft from the American Airpower Museum. Admission: adults, \$25; ages 65 and older and military, \$15; ages 4-12, \$10; ages 4 and younger, free. Greenwood Lake Airport. greenwoodlakeairshow@gmail.com. 973-728-7721. www.greenwoodlakeairshow.com

Warbirds over Paso

August 29 • Paso Robles, CA

WWII warbirds are on the ground and in the air. Aircraft rides available. Admission: check website closer to event. Hosted by Estrella Warbirds Museum and Planes of Fame Air Museum. Paso Robles Municipal Airport. 805-237-3877. www.ewarbirds.org/airshow

Commemorative Air Force Airshow

August 29-30 • Midland, TX

See many WWII-vintage bombers, fighters, liaison planes, cargo planes, and trainers on display and in flight. Admission: adults, \$25, ages 6-12, \$5; age 5 or younger, free. Active US military with military ID, free. WWII and Korean War veterans and one guest receive free admission, special parking, and seating in designated tent. Midland International Airport. 888-945-3008. www.airsho.org

Lake of the Ozarks Air Show

September 12 • Camdenton, MO

Event has WWII B-25J Mitchell bomber, P-51 Mustang, and modern airplanes on display and in flight and aerobatics demonstrations. Rain date September 13. Admission: free. Camdenton Memorial Airport, 20 Airport Drive. info@camdentonchamber.com. 573-346-2227. www.lakeoftheoarksairstow.com

Winston-Salem Air Show

September 13-14 • Winston-Salem, NC

WWII and modern military aircraft are on display and in flyovers. Includes P-51 Mustang, C-54 Skymaster, B-25 Mitchell, C-46 Commando, A-26 Invader, and T-6 Texan trainer. Admission: check website closer to event. Smith Reynolds Airport wsairshow@smithreynolds.org. 336-767-2832. www.wsairshow.com

Leesburg Airshow

September 26 • Leesburg, VA

Features warbirds and vintage planes, flying and on display. Includes P-51 Mustang, SNJ/T6 Texan, Grumman TBF Avenger, Douglas DC-3. Admission: free. Leesburg Executive Airport. www.leesburgairshow.com

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SPECIAL EVENTS SECTION

2015 WWII AIR SHOWS

California International Airshow

September 26–27 • Salinas, CA

Modern aircraft join WWII warbirds and vintage aircraft, including Douglas C-47 Skytrain, Douglas C-54 Skymaster, B-17 Flying Fortress, P-51 Mustang, and PV-2 Harpoon. Admission: check website closer to event. Salinas Municipal Airport
info@salinasairshow.com. 844-647-SHOW. www.salinasairshow.com

Hagerstown Wings and Wheels Expo 2015

September 27 • Hagerstown, MD

Includes historic and modern aircraft plus classic vehicles, and historic military vehicles. History demonstrations. Admission: free
Donations to the Hagerstown Regional Airport welcome.
info@HagerstownAviationMuseum.org. 301-733-8717.
www.wingsandwheelsexpo.com

MCAS Miramar Air Show

October 2–4 • San Diego, CA

Numerous modern and warbird aircraft will be on display and in flight, including P-51D Mustang, North American SNJ-5 Texan, Yakovlev Yak-52, and B-25 Mitchell. Admission: check website closer to event. Marine Corps Air Station Miramar. 858-577-9201.
www.miramairshow.com

Wings and Wheels—A Georgetown Fall Festival

October 3 • Georgetown, DE

Show has warbirds, reenactments, B-25 Mitchell flight experiences (for \$425 donation to the Delaware Aviation Museum Foundation), living history program. Features surviving Doolittle Raider Lieutenant Colonel Dick Cole

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Sussex County Airport. www.wing-wheels.com

Wings over North Georgia

October 3–4 • Rome, GA

WWII warbirds on display. Geico Skytypers aerobatics team flying WWII SNJ-2 trainers, air demonstrations by B-25 Mitchell, F4U Corsair, and P-51D Mustang. Admission: adults, \$25 Saturday, \$20 Sunday; ages 6–17, \$20 Saturday, \$15 Sunday; seniors, military, fire and police, \$20 Saturday, \$15 Sunday; children 5 or younger, free
Richard B. Russell Regional Airport. rina@wingsovernorthgeorgia.com.
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Wings over Houston Air Show

October 17–18 • Houston, TX

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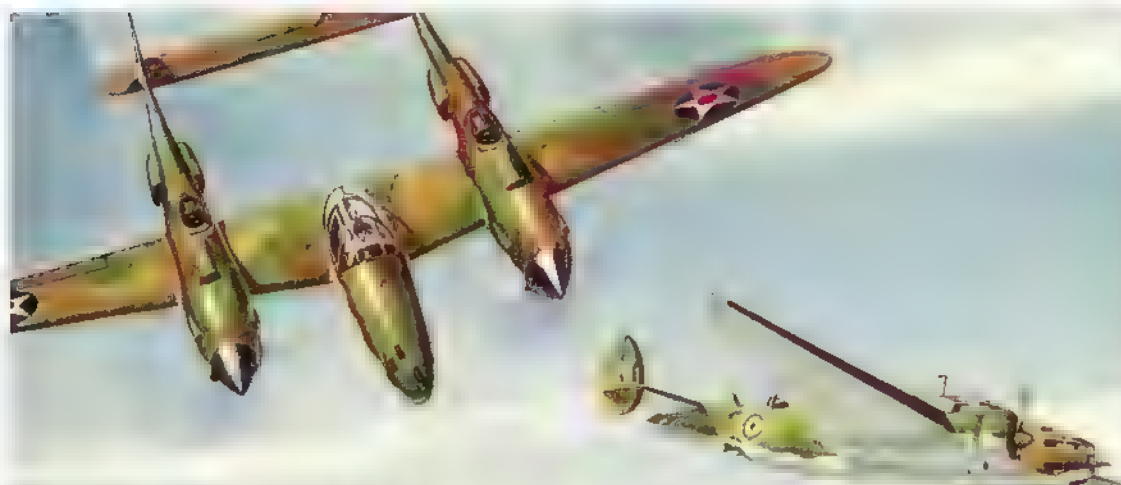
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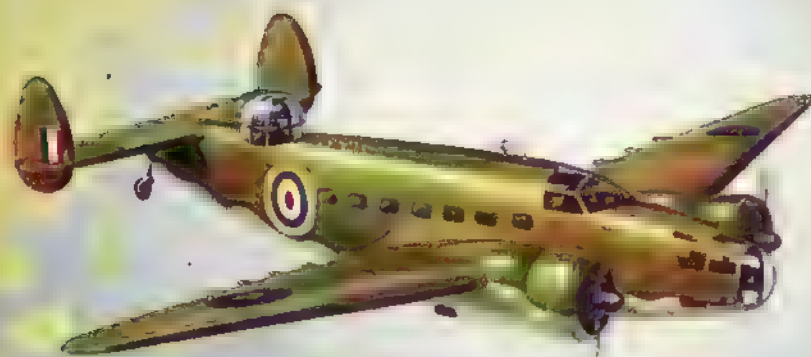


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I WAS THERE

Cheating Death One Island at a Time

by Harold G. Cowart



WRITE THIS SO MY CHILDREN WILL KNOW what part I played in holding high the torch of Liberty. I'm doing this so my children, and my wife, will have a record of what I did as a US Marine.

Sunday, December 7, 1941, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor I was living in Statesboro, Georgia. We were playing sandlot baseball when we heard about the bombing. I didn't even know where Pearl Harbor was, or what it was, at the time. But it didn't take me long to find out. It was all we heard on the radio for the next few days. We didn't have a TV then. I heard about a

young man joining the services. That gave me something to think about, but I was only 16 at the time. I knew down the road, when I was 18, that I would join one of the services. I'd always dreamed of joining the Marines, so I decided then, that if I did join, it would be the US Marine Corps. I would be joining the best.

I moved to Jacksonville [Florida] the next year and did what I said I would do: I joined the Marine Corps [on September 3, 1942]. It sure was an eye-opener for me. They treated us like we were the enemy. Parris Island [the marine corps training base in

Harold G. Cowart (shown here in his US Marine Corps dress blues) was in the thick of some of the heaviest fighting of the war—on the now-infamous Pacific islands of Saipan, Tinian, and Iwo Jima. On Iwo's beach, he and two fellow marines took cover in a shell hole like the one shown here on Namur Island. Then a Japanese shell hit right beside them. The others were killed.

South Carolina] was really tough. Most people lost weight but I gained 16 pounds in seven weeks. All that training and I still gained weight. Boy, that was good food....

I went through Parris Island with flying colors. Afterwards, I was sent to Camp Lejune, North Carolina. We trained there and formed the 23rd Marines and the 25th Marines. The 24th Marines was formed on the West Coast, at a place called Camp Pendleton [near San Diego].... When the 23rd Marines and the 25th Marines left North Carolina for the West Coast, we in the 25th Marines left by ship and went through the Panama Canal.... The 23rd Marines went by train. We ended up in Camp Pendleton [where the 23rd, 24th, and 25th Marine Regiments were formed into the 4th Marine Division, officially activated on August 14, 1943]. That's where we trained before we left for combat. We were the first division to go directly into combat from the United States [shipping out on January 13, 1944].

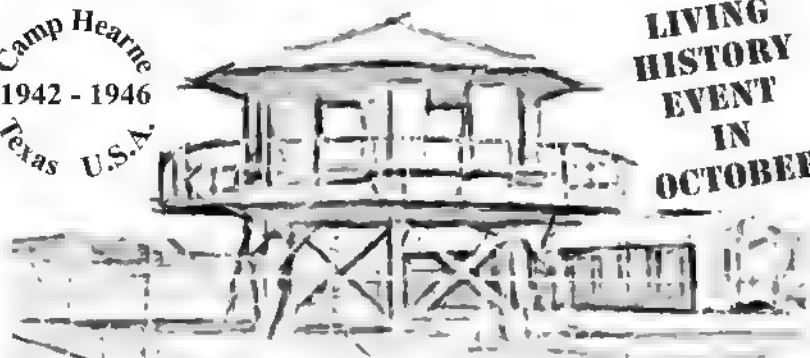
The 4th Marines [the 4th Division] took the twin islands of Roi Namur in the Marshall Islands [in February]. This is where [Lieutenant] Colonel Aquilla Dyess [commanding officer of the 24th Marines' 1st Battalion] was killed and also awarded the Medal of Honor. In this engagement 190 Marines were killed, and 547 were wounded, but it was just a small battle compared to some of the battles we would face in the future. I learned one thing: this war was bigger than I thought it would be, and we were just a small part of it. After the battle of the Marshalls, we came back to the island of Maui, which was one of the Hawaiian Islands where our training base was. That was our home, on and off, for two and a half years.

We trained on Maui for three months and then headed for Saipan [in the Mariana Islands on June 5]. We didn't know where we were going until we were about three days on the water. But Saipan would be where I killed my first Jap, and I got my share of them there. I became a squad leader on Saipan.

Once when I first landed on Saipan, I saw this Jap duck down in a foxhole. My platoon leader and I crawled toward the hole where the Jap was, and he raised his head, right up in front of me. We looked each other in the eye, and during this time

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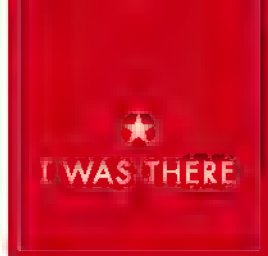
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Jeffrey D. Lavok

I thought of my whole life and my family back home. It seemed like time stood still. I tried to shoot him but my rifle wouldn't fire. I had been dragging it through sand and didn't realize it. I heard a shot and the Jap fell. My platoon leader (Lieutenant Harvey) had shot him. Harvey came over to me and said, "Cowart, am I going to have to carry you through this entire war?" You can bet I didn't drag my rifle through the sand anymore.

All this occurred on the first day: June 15, 1944. Saipan was just starting, though. A lot of other things would happen to me before we were through there. I remember the second day, a bunch of us separated from the main body, and we were lost for a while. We were really scared. We made a circle and everybody dug a foxhole and got in it, expecting the Japs to over run us. But lo and behold, here came five of our tanks rolling through, shooting everything in sight. One of the Marines with us snuck the telephone off the back of the tank and told them to hold their fire. They had orders to shoot everything in sight. We all jumped on those tanks, and they took us out of there.



Boy, were we scared. It sure was good to see those friendly tanks. I had to make up my mind that I was going to get as many Japs as I could, before they got me. We finally got our platoon and squads straightened out. When you land on these islands, sometimes everything doesn't go as planned.

I learned to be a good combat Marine on Saipan. Every time we sent out a patrol our CO [commanding officer] would always say, "Send the three platoons." One day I remember our CO sent out the three platoons again and I hollered out, "Doesn't he know we have other platoons?" I heard him say, "Cowart is the bitchinest Marine I've ever seen, but I wish I had a hundred more like him. He's a good combat Marine." I kept my mouth shut from then on.

Saipan was a big island. It was 13 miles long and 5.5 miles wide, which meant we had a lot of ground to cover.... I remember

one day when we were advancing forward through these trees. Two Japs jumped out in front of me. They had small leaves all over them and we hadn't seen them until they were almost over us. There was no place to run and no hole to jump in. So I just dropped to my knees and opened up on them with my [semiautomatic] M1. They threw a grenade that landed right in front of me and a friend. When the dust and smoke cleared, the two Japs were lying right in front of us. I put one more clip in them to make sure they didn't get up. Meanwhile, this Marine lying next to me had been hit. I helped carry him back about a hundred yards, where we put him in a jeep to be carried back to the hospital ship.

On that same day, we were standing around a bunker just talking when this Jap came charging out with a baby in his arms, swinging a sword, coming right at me. We killed him before he could hurt anybody, except for slicing off three fingers of one of the Marines in our company. The Marine was really mad at the time, but later he smiled and said that it was his ticket home, and it was.



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I remember one time we were relieved on the front line and we pulled back to a place called Hill 500, about a mile back from the front line. We set up a defense line and kind of took it easy. But then I and a friend, Max Peck, decided to look around, so we found two Jap bicycles and I talked him into going back to the beach where we had landed to take a swim. We hadn't had a bath in three weeks. We weren't supposed to leave the area, but I figured we would be back in about an hour. But it didn't work out that way. We went and took our clothes off and skinny-dipped for about thirty minutes. We were starting to go back when we were stopped by the MPs [military police] and they would not let us leave. They said they would take us back in the morning. Boy, I was scared. I knew we were in trouble.

They took us back the next morning. While we had been gone the Japs attacked our position. There were dead Japs everywhere. We had killed 130 Japs, and lost 9 Marines. We were so scared coming back. We said to each other that we wouldn't be taking any more bicycle trips. Boy, our CO

NATIONAL ARCHIVES



Saipan was hell. This marine, a climber with the tools of the trade on his back, keeps low to avoid Japanese fire as he approaches the volcanic Mount Tapotchau.

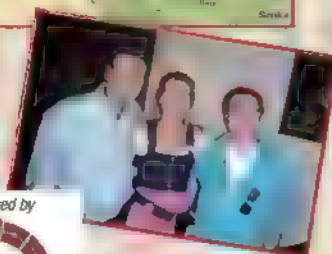
was mad! He hadn't known where we were. He gave us a little talk to, and it wasn't about Sunday school either. I told him all about it, and he said, "The Colonel wants to see you both." Boy, here we go again. My CO told the Colonel, "Here is the boy

I was telling you about (I was supposed to receive a Silver Star for earlier action)." The Colonel said, "I don't want to hear anymore about that." He said, "What's your name son?" I said "PFC [Private First Class] Harold Cowart, sir." He told me I

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was a private (not PFC) now. He did Max Peck the same way. Boy, I never forgot that deal.

But they didn't really bust us, as three days later I was made a squad leader. They offered me the squad leader and told me that I could choose my own men. So I took their offer and I picked Frank Lenze and Max Peck as my B.A.R. [Browning Automatic Rifle] team leaders. They were my best friends at the time. First Lieutenant Milton was the officer that came to me and offered me the deal. He was going to be my new platoon leader. He was a really nice guy to work with.

While we were on Saipan, I and another Marine captured two Japs with briefcases. He took one and I took the other. His was full of watches and mine was full of Jap money. Boy, I thought I was rich! But I had some hard luck, as someone stole my brief case, and all my money. It worried me for a while, but I was just trying to stay alive, and so far so good. The other Marine that got the watches had better luck. He was selling right and left. He stopped drawing money from the Marine Corps and used

the money from the sale of his watches....

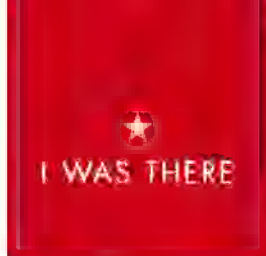
Once on Saipan I captured a big Jap. He was about six feet tall. You hardly ever see one that big. I brought him down off the ridge, to our company area, and before I could do anything, one of our troops shot him. That was the only day I almost killed a Marine. This guy could have told us all kinds of information. I was pissed off with that Marine for a long time.

I remember another time on Saipan. We were setting up our defense for the night. I and a friend had built a nice foxhole with rocks all around it. We got settled in, when our platoon sergeant made us move to another spot, to guard the machine guns. A couple of Marine buddies moved into our spot. Boy, we were mad having to move after we had fixed up our hole. But as it turns out, we were lucky. In the morning I went over to our hole we had left that

night and found both Marines dead. A grenade had landed in between them and killed them both....

On Saipan, at the end of the island, there were cliffs where people were jumping off. I watched women with babies in arms jump to their deaths. The marines brought up a loudspeaker and told them not to jump, that we would not harm them. Some of them came out, but lots of them jumped to their deaths anyway.

I remember one evening late, just about dark, we sat up our defenses. Everyone made a foxhole, and me and another Marine got in between two large rocks. I told him to take the first watch, and I would be next. Everyone was really tired. We hadn't gotten much sleep in three days. So I dropped off to sleep real quickly like, and I woke up the next morning at day-break. I stood up and saw nine dead Japs lying around our foxhole. I didn't know what to think. My friend was still asleep. I woke him up and he was surprised too. He had slept through the fight too. He didn't hear a thing, and I didn't either. I crawled over the first foxhole next to ours and this



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Marine told me all about the big fight they had had with the Japs. They thought we were dead. We had slept through the whole thing. That might have saved our lives. I didn't think anything like that could happen, but it happened to us.

The battle for Saipan lasted for 26 grueling days [officially, June 15 to July 9]. We rested for a week afterwards before we attacked Tinian (nearby sister island). We [the 4th Marine Division] had 5,981 casualties (killed, wounded, and missing) on Saipan. We rested for the week to fill up our company with new men and supplies and got ready to land on Tinian. We would later receive the Presidential [Unit] Citation for Saipan and Tinian.

Saipan and Tinian were a really big deal for the United States. We could build airfields for the B-29s, and we did just that. We bombed Japan from bombers that flew from Saipan and Tinian.

D-day for Tinian was set for July 24, 1944. Our 4th Division landed on the back of the island, while the 2nd Marine Division faked a landing on the front, where there were sandy beaches. When the

NATIONAL ARCHIVES



The action on Tinian was sporadic, but 20 days in combat was 20 days in combat. These 2nd Division marines are marching to the rear for a much-needed break.

Japs finally realized what was happening, we were already on Tinian and advancing.

I want to tell you what happened to me while we were landing. I had the dysentery, and as I was running ashore, I had to go. So I just stopped, dropped my pants, and did my thing. Everybody just jumped over me and kept on going. After I told my wife

about this later, she was all shook up and she said, "You pulled your pants down in front of all those people?" I got a big laugh out of that.

Tinian was nothing like Saipan. Sometimes it was easy and sometimes it was tough. By August 12, 1944, the island of Tinian was secured, and we boarded the ship and began the long trip back to Maui. It was going to be nice to get back to Maui with hot meals and showers and lots of good sleeping. Boy, we could use lots of that. The 4th Division lost 290 Marines on Tinian. 1,515 were wounded and 24 missing....

As months rolled by, Maui more and more became home to me and the men of the 4th Division. We continued to train there and also went on liberty to places called Wailuku, Haiku, Mokawao, and Kahului. We had lots of good times at these places. We were training hard now and we knew we would be heading out soon. We didn't know anything about the island of Iwo Jima at the time, but when we were aboard the transport ship, they gave us the word. Iwo Jima here we come.

Iwo was an important island, they told

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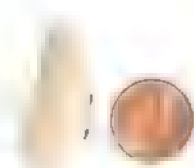
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us, and we had to have it. It was 708 miles from Tokyo, 727 miles beyond Saipan, and 3,791 miles from Pearl Harbor. This is the distance we had carried the war across the Central Pacific. No longer would we be fighting against the perimeter of Japan's defenses, but in her very front yard. The bleak little island was to be the last, but one of the stepping stones to Tokyo. There were other reasons why we needed this island. Our [B-29] Superfortress bombers needed a place to land their crippled planes, and later, lots of them did.

So on the morning of February 19th, at eight o'clock, we hit the beaches. Before we got to the beach, everything was really quiet. We got about 200 yards inland and all hell broke loose. All the Japs' big guns were trained right where we had landed on the beach. I thought, at first, this was going to be easy, but that soon changed. The Japs came to life. From the sand dunes, machine guns began to chatter. Dual purpose guns from the edge of the airfield were delivering plunging fire on us advancing Marines. As they said later on, we were holding on to the beachhead by our fingertips.

About an hour after we had landed, I lost my best friend. His name was Frank Lenze from New York. We were in a hole that a shell had made—Sergeant William, Lenze, and me—when a big shell hit right beside our hole. Lenze and William were killed, and I was shaken up pretty bad. I'll never forget that day. It's been 59 years, and it seems like it was yesterday.

By March 5, when I was hit, my company was all shot up. Lots of replacements. Not many left that landed with you. But I kept thinking, I'm still alive. Sometimes you wonder, why me? Why am I still alive? That is a question we all ask. You keep thinking, will I be next? You just keep praying and keep going.

We believed that Iwo would be our toughest battle and it was. By the end of the second day, casualties totaled 2,011. There was no cover from enemy fire. Japs deep in reinforced concrete pillboxes laid down an interlocking band of fire that cut whole companies to ribbons. Camouflage hid all enemy installations. When the Marines moved, the Japs watched every move. When we returned fire from our artillery and naval guns, we were often ineffective. The Japs would merely retire to

a lower level or cave until the storm had passed. Then they would emerge and blast the advancing Marines.

Iwo Jima was hell. No other island situation was like Iwo. I had landed on four islands including Iwo.... None of them were anything like Iwo. It took courage to stay at the front on Iwo Jima. It took



Iwo Jima was the worst fighting Cowart experienced. His best friend died next to him and then he got wounded himself. Here, his commander gives him the Purple Heart.

courage for officers to send their men ahead, when many they've known since the division was formed had already been killed. It took courage to crawl ahead 100 yards a day, get up the next morning, count losses, and do it again. But that's the only way it can be done.

Lots of things happened to me on Iwo Jima. The day I was wounded I remember very well. I was standing up, talking to a friend, when my cousin Johnny Scott came by. They were moving to another spot. I hollered at him, and he waved at me. About thirty minutes later I got hit in the left leg with shrapnel, and that was my ticket off of Iwo Jima. Boy, I was glad to leave! The [medical] corpsmen asked me how I felt, and I told them I thought it was bad, so they got me out of there. That was

one of the good things I remember about Iwo. And there aren't many good things I remember.

On March 12, General [Clifton] Cates sent the following message, transcribed in Japanese, and broadcasted it by loudspeaker to the Japanese brigade commander, believed to be in this pocket with his men:

...This is the Commanding General of the Fourth Division, U.S. Marines, making a direct appeal to the Brigade Commander and his command to honorably surrender. You have fought a gallant and heroic fight, but you must realize that the island of Iwo Jima has been lost to you. You can gain nothing by further resistance, nor is there any reason to die....

The broadcast was repeated several times, but the brigade commander, if he heard it, chose to ignore the offer. Finally, during the night of March 15 and 16, a party of about 60 Japs tried to break out of the pocket but failed in the attempt and were driven back to their caves. This defeat seemed to break their spirit of resistance, and by 1000 hours [10 A.M.], March 16, the pocket had been secured. At 1800 [6 P.M.] on March 16, 26 days and 9 hours after the first troops landed, Iwo Jima was declared secured. The greatest battle in Marine Corps history was over. On March 19, the last units of the division boarded ship, and on the following day, the convoy sailed for Maui. (Casualties included 6,821 US Marines killed, 19,217 wounded. Of the 22,060 Japanese defending the island, 18,844 were killed, 216 were taken prisoner.)

One thing many people don't know is that we spent a lot of time on the sea. The 4th Division spent 5 months [and] 150 days at sea from the time it left the states. And that, brother, is a really long time to have someone's feet in your face....

Harold Cowart was discharged from the marine corps as a corporal on November 27, 1945. He returned home to Jacksonville and eventually began a career as a pipe-fitter. He met his wife in a local park, and they have been married 65 years. They still live in Jacksonville. Cowart wrote down his wartime recollections there in 1999 for a school project that his granddaughter Elizabeth Cowart was doing. ★

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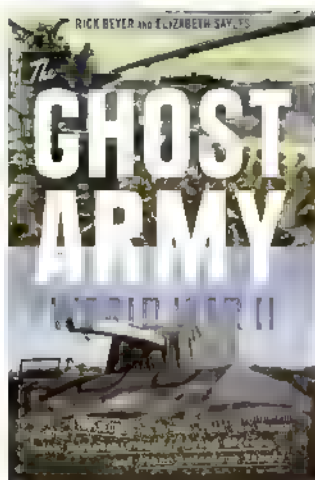
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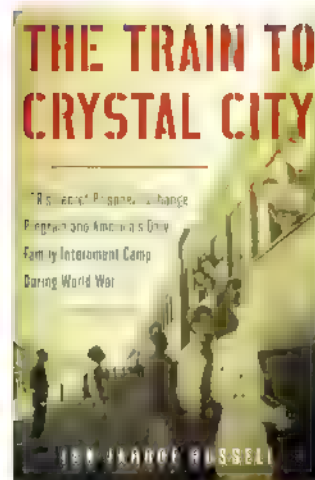
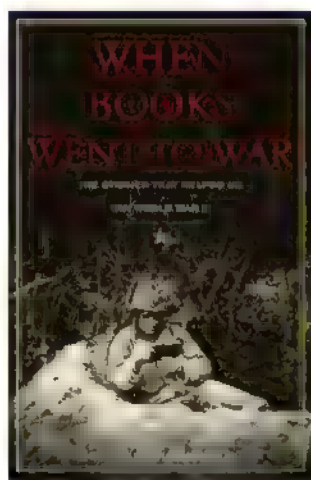
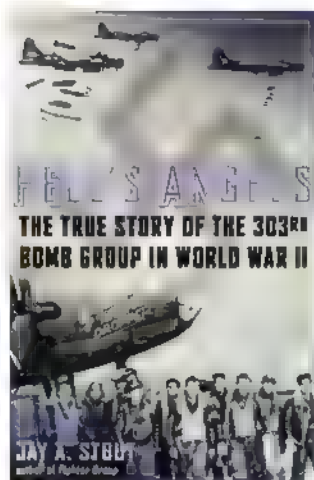
The Ghost Army of World War II: How One Top-Secret Unit Deceived the Enemy with Inflatable Tanks, Sound Effects, and Other Audacious Fakery

by Rick Beyer and Elizabeth Sayles,
Princeton Architectural Press,
256 pages, \$40

ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1944, the 23rd Headquarters Special Troops arrived at the Moselle River near Bettembourg, a town in Luxembourg not far from the German border. South of their position, Major General George S. Patton, Jr., was preparing to attack the fortified French city of Metz with his Third Army.

But there was a problem. Between the 23rd's position and the Third Army lay a 75-mile gap of nearly undefended territory. It was the 23rd's job to maintain that territory, because if German forces broke through, they could attack Patton from the rear. Sergeant Bob Tompkins of the 23rd recorded in his diary, "We're the only outfit on this part of the front except for one cavalry squadron spread very thinly." The front was reportedly only two miles to the east, and for a unit not formed for combat and armed with nothing heavier than a .50-caliber machine gun, the enemy's proximity was unnerving.

Nevertheless, the 23rd went to work,



building fires and creating tracks to simulate the activities and movement of an armored infantry force—the 6th Armored Division, to be exact. The men inflated 23 dummy tanks, and with that, Operation Bettembourg was underway.

In *The Ghost Army of World War II*, authors Rick Beyer and Elizabeth Sayles relate the fascinating history of the 23rd Headquarters Special Troops, a top-secret unit commanded by Colonel Harry L. Reeder, formed for the sole purpose of duping the enemy. The 23rd's job was to impersonate combat units to cover the real units' movements, to give the illusion of superior manpower, and to misinform and misdirect the enemy.

By design, the 23rd was mobile and versatile, capable of moving from site to site within days and creating a variety of deceptions, including phony convoys, bogus divisions, and staged headquarters. "Deceptions" might not be the right word, however; Ralph Ingersoll, an originator of the idea for the Ghost Army, took exception to the word. He thought "manipulation" better described what the unit did. After all, he said, the Ghost Army men used "the art and practice of manipulating your enemies' mental processes so that they come to a false conclusion about what you are up to."

The 23rd comprised roughly 1,100 men in four companies, each tasked with a specific duty and able, when needed, to simulate two divisions (about 30,000 men). The 603rd Engineer Camouflage Battalion Special provided scenery for the missions, using inflatable rubber tanks, trucks, troops, and the like to deceive observers in the air or on the ground. It also provided the proper insignia for the various charades and included a significant number of commercial artists. Signal Company Special could impersonate radio operators, mimic any combat unit's method of sending Morse code, and create phony radio traffic nets to convince the enemy that a particular unit was nearby or ready to mobilize. The 3132 Signal Service Company Special used recorded conversations, yelling officers, and the noise of mobilizing equipment, all blasted from powerful speakers mounted on halftracks, to simulate the sounds of a unit settling in or preparing to move. The 406th Engineer Combat Company Special provided perimeter security and handled construction and demolition.

The 23rd began its overall mission of misdirection just after D-Day in June 1944. During the ensuing nine months, it pulled the wool over the enemy's eyes 21 different times from Normandy to the Rhine River, saving thousands of lives

As for Operation Bettembourg, it was scheduled to last two days. But the 83rd Infantry Division, tasked with actually defending the line, was delayed, so the operation continued for seven tense days. It was the 23rd's longest deception, and one of its most successful.

Ghost Army is well written, lively, and informative, a complete pleasure to read. As a bonus, because the 23rd was filled with talented artists, the men used their spare time to "chronicle the unit's adventures in thousands of paintings and drawings, creating a unique and poignant visual record of their war." Many of these appear in the book and are a delightful addition.

Ghost Army veteran Dick Syracuse called the men of the 23rd the Cecil B. DeMille Warriors. It is an apt description, and the telling of their story is long overdue.

—ALLYSON PATTON
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

BOOKS AND MEDIA

Hell's Angels: The True Story of the 303rd Bomb Group in World War II

by Jay A. Stout, Berkley,
464 pages, \$27.95

IN *HELL'S ANGELS*, author Jay Stout views the Allied strategic bombing campaign through the lens of one particular bombardment group within the US Eighth Army Air Force: the 303rd. Stout follows the exciting and terrifying history of this storied unit from its inception in 1942 to the end of World War II. It is an account filled with the tragedies and triumphs of the young men who manned the missions and faced death every time they flew over German held territory.

Stout, a retired marine lieutenant colonel and former fighter pilot, states in his preface that as a fighter pilot he enjoyed a sense of freedom and control bomber crews never had. It was their courage, determination, and loyalty that compelled him to write this book, he says. He chose the 303rd for several reasons: it had an outstanding combat record, it was one of the first units to engage in strategic bombing against Germany, it was the first unit to pass the 25 mission mark, and the veterans and their families kept an extensive collection of records.

Stout presents a crisp, riveting narrative that will appeal to anyone interested in the history of the Eighth Air Force. But his

The scorchingly personal story of loves and misadventures when the battle is far away.

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CINEMASCOPE

Zealand. Now it's Andy's turn to fall for a woman. He has been scoffing at the idea of love and marriage, but suddenly changes his tune when he meets the widowed Pat Rogers (Nancy Olson).

In the meantime, Huxley chafes to see some real combat. He trains his men relentlessly (but also is soft enough to give Andy a chance to get married). He and his men finally reach Guadalcanal, but only for some final mop-up operations. The same thing happens at Tarawa. Frustrated, Huxley sticks his neck out in a meeting with General Snipes (Ray-

★ THEATER OF WAR

Battle Cry

Directed by Raoul Walsh, written by Leon Uris, starring Van Heflin, Aldo Ray, Mona Freeman, Nancy Olson, James Whitmore, Raymond Massey, Tab Hunter, Dorothy Malone, Anne Francis, William Campbell, John Lupton, Fess Parker, Justus E. McQueen, and Perry Lopez, 1955, 149 minutes, color, not rated.

THERE'S SURPRISINGLY little battle in *Battle Cry*, unless you count the battle of the sexes. In a way, this film is a marines version of *From Here to Eternity*, with the fight for Saipan rather than the attack on Pearl Harbor providing the climax. *Battle Cry* is mostly a buildup to war, telling the story of a group of young men as they depart for boot camp, turn into marines, find and lose love, and head for the fighting in the Pacific.

At the Baltimore train station, Danny Forrester (Tab Hunter) gets a last clinch with his gal Kathy (Mona Freeman) before he leaves. "I just want to go on being your girl," she says. In Philly, tough

guy "Ski" Wronski (William Campbell) says his own goodbyes. We meet some other marines traveling by train: lumberjack Andy (Aldo Ray), bookworm Marion Hotchkiss (John Lupton), unscrupulous "Spanish Joe" Gomez (Perry Lopez), guitar-playing Texan Speedy (Fess Parker), and wisecracker L.Q. Jones (the actor billed as Justus E. McQueen, who later changed his name to match his character's in this film).

In San Diego, a tough drill instructor transforms the enlistees into marines. Several of them also learn tough lessons about love. Ski gets shattered by a Dear John letter. Hotchkiss begins to fall for Rae (Anne Francis), a beautiful young woman he encounters on the ferry—and he has his heart broken when he learns she's Spanish Joe's girl. Danny gets drunk for the first time and begins an affair with the married Mrs. Yarborough (Dorothy Malone). Fatherly sergeant Mac (James Whitmore) realizes that Danny's in over his head and arranges a furlough. Danny returns to Baltimore to marry Kathy.

The marines are assigned to the battalion commanded by Major Huxley (Van Heflin) and they ship out to New

book's greatest appeal is that it reminds readers that it was sons, husbands, and brothers who manned the bombers of the 303rd. It was flesh and blood against boredom, bureaucracy, flak, and desperate Luftwaffe fighter pilots. And it was a brotherhood of sorrow whenever members watched a wounded B-17 drop out of formation, counted the parachutes, and hoped no other bomber would fall.

This point hits home when Stout recounts the fate of the B-17 *Spirit of Flak Wolf*. On April 9, 1944, the *Spirit of Flak Wolf* flew from the 303rd's home field, England's Royal Air Force Station Molesworth, near western Cambridgeshire, to participate in a mission to Marienburg, Germany. The bomber and her crew never reached the target. The skies over occupied Europe were deadly, but air warfare wasn't always the main problem. It was mechanical failure that caused the *Spirit of Flak Wolf* to crash shortly after

mond Massey) and demands his unit lead the attack on Saipan.

Finally, *Battle Cry* gets to some serious battling. Huxley dies in the fighting. Andy, who came close to deserting in New Zealand so he wouldn't have to leave Pat, loses his leg. Danny also falls. We are led to believe he's dead, but he's only wounded. Mac escorts him home to Baltimore and Kathy, then gets back on the train to return to war.

While it has some elements of interest, *Battle Cry* is no *From Here to Eternity*. Modern audiences will find it awfully sanitized (and will probably laugh at the overwrought behavior of Kathy's parents when their daughter stays out overnight with Danny). It's largely soap opera with a side order of war. As one critic wrote, "No one can say that Mr. Uris and Director Raoul Walsh have missed many tricks in splashing a long, episodic, Rover Boyish service story on the screen. [T]hey have got this film loaded with characters, sentimentality and clichés. An old hand at watching these pictures can almost call the shots and repartee."

—TOM HUNTINGTON
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

takeoff, just two and a half miles from the end of the runway. Six of her 10 men died.

The history of the 303rd isn't confined to tragedies, missions, and losses, however. It is an account of a diverse group of Americans who worked together to destroy Nazi Germany from the air. Dropping bombs was the sole reason for the unit's existence, but that required more than just on board crews. So Stout includes the experiences of ground crews and other support staff, all of whom were instrumental in supporting the bombing campaign. Stout begins his first chapter with the story of Van White, a young man who joined the army in January 1941 and planned to serve as a pilot. A talent for typing kept him as "a chairborne trooper in the paragraph corps." But his work, however unexciting it may seem, was important.

For those seeking gripping yarns of air combat, Stout does not disappoint. His stories of air war are clear and concise, with little to no hyperbole. *Hell's Angels* is a compelling read for those with an interest in WWII air warfare

—MICHAEL EDWARDS
New Orleans, Louisiana

When Books Went to War: The Stories That Helped Us Win World War II

by Molly Guptill Manning, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 288 pages, \$25

IN A 1989 SPEECH to the American Booksellers Association, science fiction author Isaac Asimov asked his audience to imagine a device that "can go anywhere, and is totally portable. Something that can be started and stopped at will...and will require no electric energy to operate. We have this device. It's called the book." Those same qualities of easy accessibility made books—specifically, Armed Services Edition (ASE) paperbacks—the highly treasured, constant companions of American soldiers and sailors far from home in World War II. In *When Books Went to War*, author Molly Guptill Manning explores the role books played during the war as a source of recreation and comfort to servicemen.

Books were not only a valued resource for troops. They also served as a countermeasure against Nazi ideology. Manning opens *When Books Went to War* with the first mass book burning in Berlin, in 1933.

The new Nazi regime couldn't tolerate free expression, especially critical expression, so books were burned to purge "un-German" sentiments from citizens' libraries. Some of Germany's leading intellectuals and authors were blacklisted. "Sigmund Freud was denounced for falsifying German history and degrading its great figures..." Manning writes. "Erich Maria Remarque was condemned for denigrating the German language and the nation's ideals." That was only the beginning. Nazis scoured libraries and homes for banned books and did the same in the countries they conquered. The rest of the Western world was horrified. In the United States, this "bibliocaust" galvanized librarians nationwide to fight back and spread the ideals of democracy. Manning traces the results of that sentiment, and the insatiable need for books, which grew as the ranks of the armed forces swelled.

In September 1940, Congress passed the Selective Training and Service Act. Hundreds of thousands of civilians became new recruits. As the army set up training camps, often from scratch, the men faced shortages of everything from rifles and ammunition to barracks. Off duty, there was often nothing to do and no way to get a break from the regimentation and lack of privacy that had become their new way of life. Even on more established bases, men tended to prefer more solitary leisure activities such as watching movies, writing letters, and reading. It was soon apparent that army and navy libraries did not contain enough books to meet the demand.

The Victory Book Campaign stepped in to fill that gap. Led by librarians and established to supply books to troops, the group was also an ideological counter to Nazi censorship. It set a goal of collecting 10 million donated books for the armed services. That goal was met in 1943, but by then it was obvious that donations alone couldn't fill the ever-growing demand. Additionally, the donated books were nearly all hardcover volumes, which were expensive to produce and not very portable. Paperbacks had not yet caught on among publishers or consumers. A different approach was needed.

The solution came in the form of the Council on Books in Wartime, a consortium of publishers that worked with the army and navy to provide millions of light-

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weight ASE paperbacks directly to soldiers and sailors all over the world. Part of their brilliance was their format. They were printed in two columns, bound on the short side, and sized to fit in a uniform pocket. Men could, and did, take them everywhere—even into combat. Manning tells how a total of 120 million ASE copies of 1,200 different titles were published and distributed.

The books were vital to the men who read them, Manning reveals. They provided relief from boredom, temporary escape from the traumas of combat, and a significant morale boost. They inspired an entire generation that, prior to the war, had been largely indifferent to reading.

The ASE effort wasn't without difficulties and complications. The city of Boston banned one of the ASE books, and Congress passed a law that inadvertently censored reading material for military men and women. Manning's examination of how those issues were resolved shows how seriously America took its ideals of democracy and freedom of expression.

When Books Went to War is well written, entertaining, informative, and uplifting—altogether a worthy read.

—DREW AMES

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

The Train to Crystal City: FDR's Secret Prisoner Exchange Program and America's Only Family Internment Camp during World War II

by Jan Jarboe Russell, Scribner,
416 pages, \$30

IN 1939, before the United States officially got involved in World War II, President Franklin Roosevelt was already fretting about how the impending conflict would impact the nation. One worry was for US citizens living abroad, especially in Axis nations, once war broke out. Another focused on civilians of foreign descent, particularly German or Japanese, living in the United States.

Addressing both issues at once, Roosevelt instructed the State Department to prepare a plan to intern foreign nationals of enemy states who were living in the United States. A camp in Crystal City, Texas, would serve as home to these individuals and their families during the war. Under the terms of what the department's Special

War Problems Division called the "special passage" program, the internees would be held until they could be exchanged for American citizens who were caught behind enemy lines.

Jan Jarboe Russell tells the story of Crystal City and the special passage program in *The Train to Crystal City*. She doesn't get off to a great start: the subtitle asserts that Crystal City was "America's only family internment camp during World War II," but there were actually 10 camps that exclusively housed Japanese families from the West Coast during the war. The others were a bit different, organized for detention, while Crystal City was established uniquely for exporting its inhabitants.

The drive and design for the Crystal City camp came straight from the Oval Office. Prior to the war, Roosevelt directed the FBI to survey and observe foreign nationals who lived in the States but were suspected of dubious loyalty. He also instructed the State Department to consider the best way to repatriate Americans in the event of war.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Japanese and Germans who had been under surveillance were collected from around the States, along with a few from South America, and sent to Crystal City to fuel the special passage program. Little justification was given to those who were interned, even when they wrote to the attorney general protesting and demanding an explanation for their confinement. Official written responses asserted that explanations were neither necessary nor forthcoming.

The camp was designed as humanely as possible, given its purpose. There were schools that taught in German, Japanese, and English. Well stocked general stores offered necessities and wartime luxuries. Ration-constrained camp employees sometimes complained that residents had better access to foods than they did. Yet consumer abundance did little to assuage the loss of homes, property, and businesses that the residents suffered.

The forced cohabitation of such a mixture of cultures often caused conflict. Ardent Nazi internees tried to intimidate and dominate other Germans, while vociferous Japanese lamented the lack of tofu. Then there was the startling case of a group of German Jews who had fled from

Nazi Germany to South America only to be detained and deported to the United States and sent to Crystal City for possible export back to Germany. Program officials seemed unaware of the potential for tragedy in this ironic turn of events, reflecting ignorance more than malice.

Russell includes unsettling accounts of interned families that were returned to Germany or Japan in exchanges even though spouses and children were US citizens and left unwillingly. Some such families sent to Germany ended up coming under American fire there. The American wife of a repatriated German described riding a train that was attacked by Allied P-38 fighters. Her family was saved by German gunners who fended off the Americans.

Like many other government programs, the Crystal City program outlived its purpose. Internees continued to be deported until 1947. Some of the Japanese sent home after the war were still diehard supporters

of Imperial Japan, and they couldn't accept that they were returning to a defeated nation. But whether Japanese or German, repatriated during or after the war, most former internees found it difficult to re-acclimate to their homelands. And their countrymen viewed them with suspicion.

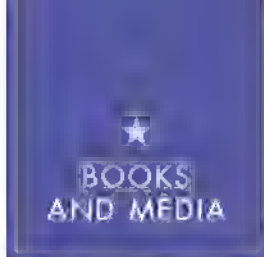
Russell describes the mechanics of the exchanges, beginning with each nation submitting the names of the individuals it wanted repatriated. Terms were negotiated until a consensus was reached. Diplomats, injured POWs, and professionals always appeared at the top of lists. Once the participating nations reached an agreement, the individuals to be exchanged were put

aboard a ship of a neutral nation and transported to a non-combatant country, where the exchange occurred.

As the war progressed and the Allies gained territory, Roosevelt became more generous with the exchanges. Russell's portrayal of him isn't entirely consistent with his popular image and will be new for many readers. Yet while the subject matter is new, the book illustrates that in war, Roosevelt was congenially ruthless.

No significant restitution or apology was ever offered to the many Americans whose lives were disrupted by internment in Crystal City. Russell's inclusion of accounts of American POWs repatriated through the special passage program makes it difficult to render judgment on Roosevelt for this episode. Readers will have to weigh the evidence and reach their own conclusions.

—THOMAS MULLEN
Flemington, New Jersey



★ 78 RPM

Singing Sweethearts

ANNA MAE WINBURN WAS BEAUTIFUL. For a woman in the spotlight, that could mean that no matter what she did, naysayers would see her as nothing more than a showpiece. So down rained the derision when Winburn took a new job in April 1941. It was all a big gummuck, some sneered: an attractive woman conducting 17 musicians who also happened to be women.

The International Sweethearts of Rhythm, the all-woman big band called itself. It had got its start in 1937 when its founding members were formed into a musical group at the Piney Woods Country Life School in Mississippi. Led from the conductor's podium by Principal Laurence C. Jones, the players (like the other students) were mostly teenage African American orphans. Their instrumental training was tough, and they were kept to a strict routine, up early and practicing for hours each day.

Several months before Pearl Harbor, the Sweethearts left Piney Woods to go pro—amid controversy. The April 19 *Pittsburgh Courier* reported a claim that the group cut ties to the school because Jones was planning not to graduate the seniors in June. He wanted to keep them students, the story went, so he wouldn't have to pay them the going rate.

With Winburn now conducting, the Sweethearts set up base in Arlington, Virginia, and hit the road coast to coast in a custom bus equipped with Pullman beds, restrooms, and a kitchenette. An engagement before year's end at the Howard Theater in nearby Washington, DC, drew 35,000. As was the norm for this unique collection of women musicians of African, Asian, and



Puerto Rican descent, the audience was mostly African American.

Skin color was always an issue as the Sweethearts toured through the war years. Jim Crow laws in the South discouraged the women from even leaving the bus except to perform. When the first white women joined in 1943, they wore dark makeup to conceal their faces, since it was illegal in certain places for whites to fraternize with African Americans.

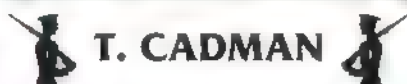
Despite all the problems, the Sweethearts grew in popularity. Toward the war's end, African American GIs fighting the Nazis started a letter-writing campaign to urge a visit to Europe. It worked, and the Sweethearts became the first African American group to tour with the USO. They remained in France and Germany for several months before returning home.

Big bands were in decline by then, and the group began to fall apart. The low pay didn't help. Nor did members leaving to start families. By the time the group disbanded in 1949, the Sweethearts had only a few recordings to show for their career. A mere pair of those—1945's "Galvanizing" and "Honeysuckle Rose"—captured them at their wartime peak.

—CARL ZEBROWSKI
editor of *America in WWII*

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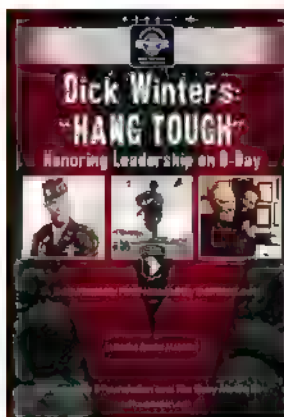
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IDAHO • May 23, Parma: 12th Annual WWII Battle Rifle Match, Shooting event for semi-automatic and bolt-action WWII rifles. All makes of Allied and Axis WWII rifles welcome. No after-market work allowed. Parma Rod and Gun Club, 1420 Boehm Lane. 208-850-7097. www.iawca.org/schedule-of-events/wwii-battle-rifle-match

ILLINOIS • June 19–21, Dixon: WWII Recreated: A Remembrance of our Greatest Generation. Living history. Members of the World War Two Historical Reenactment Society demonstrate the life of American and German soldiers in France circa 1944. Allied armored vehicles and rare German equipment in operation and on display. Elks Page Park, 7883 South Lowell Park Road. www.wwii-recreated-dixon.weebly.com

MINNESOTA • June 20–21, St. Paul: World War II Weekend, Re-created Allied military encampment, reenactors, USO show, swing dance lessons, weapons demonstrations, displays. Fort Snelling, 200 Tower Avenue. 651-259-3000. www.historicfortsnelling.org

NEW YORK • May 11, New York City: Stories from the Ghost Army of WWII. Presentation by Rick Beyer and Elizabeth Sayles, co-authors of *The Ghost Army of World War II: How One Top-Secret Unit Deceived the Enemy with Inflatable Tanks, Sound Effects, and Other Audacious Fakery*. 92Y, Lexington Avenue at 92nd Street. 212-415-5500. www.92y.org/Event/Ghost-Army-of-WWII.aspx

PENNSYLVANIA • May 2–3, Horsham: 5th Annual World War II Weekend at Graeme Park. Living history, displays, military vendors, Abbott and Costello show, USO dance and dinner, WWII survivors, guest speakers. Historic Graeme Park, 859 County Line Road. www.ww2weekend.org

May 16, Pittsburgh: WWII Shadow Box Talk: "We Can Do It!" Workshop with Niles Laughner on preserving WWII military items using shadow boxes. Senator John Heinz History Center, 1212 Smallman Street. 412-454-6000. www.heinzhistorycenter.org

June 5–7, Reading: Mid-Atlantic Air Museum's 25th Annual WWII Weekend. WWII air show, WWII planes, military vehicles, plane rides, 1940s entertainment, reenactors, encampments, ground battle simulations. Mid-Atlantic Air Museum, Reading Regional Airport. 610-372-7333. www.maam.org

VIRGINIA • June 27–28, Fort Valley: WWII in Fort Valley Virginia. Encampments, displays, Allied and Axis reenactors, vehicles, horse-mounted soldiers demonstrating 20th-century cavalry drill. Benefits Victory4Veterans. 321 Spring Mountain Way. 703-626-7351. www.secretpassageranch.net/ww2

WASHINGTON, DC • May 8: Arsenal of Democracy: World War II Victory Capital Flyover. WWII planes over the National Mall in 15 different flight formations representing WWII battles. Commemorates the 70th anniversary of VE Day. 12:10–12:50 P.M. National Mall. www.ww2flyover.org

WISCONSIN • May 16, Saukville: WWII Final Push to Victory: Commemorating VE Day 70 Years Later. Living history; displays of weaponry, vehicles, and memorabilia; home-front exhibit; vendors. Ozaukee County Pioneer Village. 4480 Highway I. 262-377-4510. www.ochs.co.ozaukee.wi.us

ENGLAND • June 20–21, Evesham, Worcestershire: Ashdown WWII Camp: Wartime in the Vale. More than 400 WWII vehicles, reenactor camps, mini-tank rides, 1940s entertainment. Ashdown Farm, Badsey. 07791-591528. www.ashdowncamp.webs.com

FRANCE • June 5–7, Normandy: Band of Brothers Actors Reunion. Commemorates the 70th anniversary of the Allied victory in Europe. Events at Overlord Omaha Beach Museum, Utah Beach Museum, and Richard D. Winters Leadership Monument, Sainte-Marie-du-Mont. Hosted by the World War II Foundation. 401-644-8244. www.wwiifoundation.org

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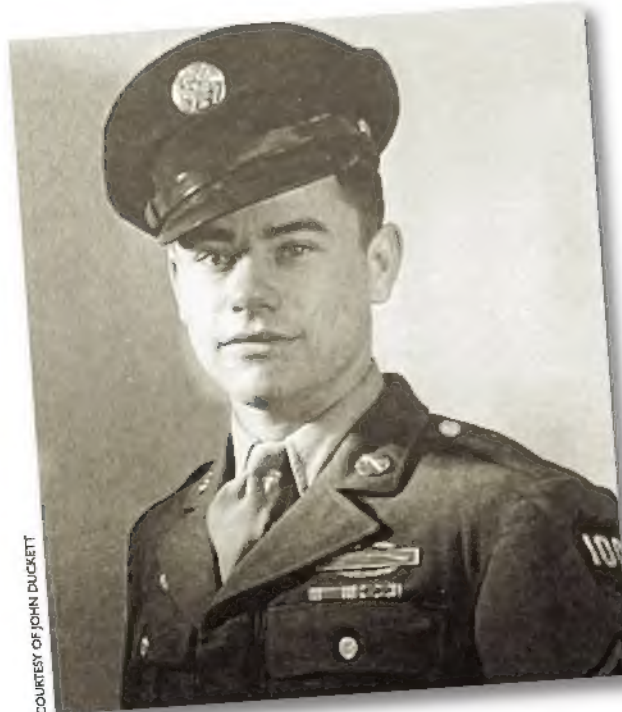
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Lucky Until the Very End



John Duckett survived the European war unscathed, but the following weeks were not so kind.

JOHAN DUCKETT WAS ANXIOUS when he received his draft notice at home in rural Williamsville, Missouri. Although fearing the worst, he would have a good deal of luck during his time spent serving his country—until the end of the war.

After completing army basic training at Camp Fannin, Texas, Duckett was assigned to the 100th Infantry “Century” Division’s 397th Regiment at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. There, Duckett had his first stroke of luck when he had a near run-in with death. A bad storm came up on his company during training maneuvers. He was knocked down by a large falling tree limb. Two men he was training with were not so lucky. They were killed by falling trees.

Duckett’s regiment didn’t reach Europe until October 1944. Upon arrival, he had yet another moment of luck, when he was assigned to be a radio operator at regimental headquarters instead of being sent into combat. He was responsible for relaying messages between headquarters and his unit’s combat troops. When the regiment’s lines moved, so did its headquarters. Because of

this, Duckett was always on the move, traveling throughout France, Luxembourg, and Germany.

When he had the chance for personal travel, Duckett hopped on a motorcycle that his sergeant had “requisitioned” from a military outfit formerly stationed in the same town. After the sergeant rode it himself for a while, he gave it to Duckett, who ended up joy-riding all over France and Germany.

The luck Duckett enjoyed came to an end in May 1945, after Germany’s surrender, when he severely injured his arm in a fall while helping construct recreational equipment. Transferred to a hospital in Paris, he was sent back to the States in July and discharged. ★

Submitted by JEREMY AMICK, public affairs officer for Silver Star Families of America, a nonprofit headquartered in Clever, Missouri, that assists wounded and ill veterans and their families. Adapted by editorial intern JAMES COWDEN.

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